

EEK.

NAME.

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VERSION.

Evangelist," F. A.
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Events.

POINTMENTS.

bury, June 4, 5, 6;
June 7: North Bay,
try Sound, June 13;
ille, June 14; Bruce-
; Gravenhurst, June
ne 17, 18, 19; Orillia,
Lindsay, June 20;
ne 23; 11: Liburton,
ion Falls, June 25,
June 27; Bowman-
20; Oshawa, July 1.

Port Arthur, June 7,
Jan, June 10, 11, 12;
June 14, 16, 18; Bel-
18, 19.

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA NW AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

20th Year. No. 37.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1904.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE DESIRABLE IMMIGRANT.

(See Article, page 5.)

"AFTERWARDS."

Shots by Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Aux. Sec.

Be still! Just now be still!
Something thy soul hath never heard,
Something unknown to any song of bird,
Something unknown to wind, or wave, or star,
A message from the Father-land afar,
That with sweet joy the homesick soul shall thrill
Cometh to thee, if thou canst be still.

Be still! Just now be still!
There comes in presence very mild and sweet;
White are the sandals of His noiseless feet;
It is the Comforter whom Jesus sent
To teach thee what the words He uttered meant,
The willing, waiting spirit He doth fill;
If thou wouldst hear His messages,
Dear soul, be still!

—Scl.

"Afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness."—Heb. xii. 11.

Our inner life is very susceptible to our outward condition. A most trivial cause sometimes makes all the difference between happiness and unhappiness. After any great mental or physical exertion the mind is left in a state of inaction and is tenderly sensitive to surrounding influences, and when we think of the high pressure under which many of our lives in this "electric age" are passed, it is a wonder that there are not more suffering among us from intolerable depression.

Let us, therefore, before lamenting the buoyancy of spirit of former days, and deciding that God has forgotten us and left us to bear our own burdens, find out if, through the strain and tension of our lives, there is not some physical or nervous cause for our condition.

Loneliness is often the penalty of true greatness. One may be more lonely in the multitude than in the solitude of the woods or desert. There may be company without companionship. "We need more than human beings; we need human hearts, and sympathy, and love." Our blessed Master Himself cried out in a supreme moment of loneliness, and, knowing the hunger of the human heart, will He not come and sustain those lonely ones who have to pass through the Valley of Baca to the Heavenly Jerusalem with weeping, swollen eyes?

"God draws a cloud o'er each gleaming morn,
Would you ask why?
It is because all holiest things are born
In agony."

"At even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met,
Oh, in what joy they went away!"

Where was our Saviour seen most frequently? In the midst of the sick and suffering. From the moment that He bade Peter's wife's mother arise from her couch, we find Him laying his hand of healing upon all the suffering ones who come to Him. Under His soothing touch the palsied limbs received strength, the flushed, fevered cheeks became calm, and the deaf ears were unstopped, the blinded eyes received sight, and the frenzy of the demoniac mind was dispelled. There is evidence that our Lord takes an interest in all the affairs, businesses, sorrows, and joys of life, and for all sin there is a panacea. What wonderful love this is—love unaffected by mankind's sin and rebellion, love sympathetic with the weaknesses of human existence, love expressed in every form possible! His touch was healing, the hem of His garment had restoring virtues. One writer gives this beautiful thought: "He lived and loved as we live and love, only on a higher ideal; He gave to human affection a more complete interpretation, a more perfect fullness, and, finally, as the highest revelation of love, He died for us, and in anguish, and blood, and dying pains, still loved, still prayed for us, the ungrateful race of men." He passed through the night of death that we might

learn not to fear it, and came forth radiant and immortal to tell us that we shall never die.

This is the One, then, who has promised, "I will be with you always," in the presence of the Holy Spirit, as an inseparable soul-friend, a Counsellor, a Teacher, a Healer in a higher sense than when He walked the lanes and hills of Palestine.

Therefore, dear suffering, isolated one, be strong. He will be your Companion in the silent watches of the long nights of agony, in the slowly passing days of anguish and weariness. Perhaps you will say, "Why does He not answer my prayer and remove the pain?" He may be moulding you in the same furnace He passed through—for "He learned obedience by the things which He suffered." He will answer your prayer as the mother answers the pleadings of her little child, not always granting what is asked, but always giving what the mother-heart sees is best for its future good.

MEMS FROM A MEMORY.

"Shun!" A stalwart sergeant, clad in the quietly imposing uniform of the Royal Army Medical Corps, with the red Geneva cross showing vividly up on its yellow background and golden circle, above his three stripes of office, shouted out the command in a stentorian voice that rang through the ward like a bugle's note.

Before the echo had died away every inmate, excepting those bed-ridden or lame, had sprung to his feet simultaneously, and those unable to obey the command of "Attention" instinctively pulled themselves together and waited expectantly. Following closely upon the heels of the escorting sergeant came a grave-looking gentleman, for gentleman he was despite the fact that he, too, was uniformed, who advanced to the nearest bedcot and took up the "Diet Board."

The Diet Board of a patient in a military hospital, as many of my old soldier-readers are aware, shows a patient's name, the name of his regiment (or, if artillery, his battery), his regimental number, the nature of his disease, and the articles he is allowed to eat and drink.

The medical officers of No. 1 Ward of the Cambridge Hospital, at Aldershot, started down the ward and imparted joy or sorrow to the patients as he ordered them delicacies or struck them off their stouts and beers with an indifference that was sublime.

Pausing in front of one patient who professed deafness, and who had so far baffled his efforts to expose the man's fraud, he turned to the orderly in charge of the ward, who had joined him, and the following conversation took place:

"Has this man had any ale, orderly?"
"No, sir, he does not take any, sir."
"Oh, I see, he is a teetotaler, then?"
From deaf patient: "I ain't sir; he's only kidding, sir."

Concealed delight of officer, trouble for patient, and general feeling of elation in ward. Only one instance of the many tricks employed by some of our soldiers who feel they need a rest.

I remember quite well, at the Station Hospital, York, one patient who was trying to "work his ticket," i.e., feign some disease to obtain his discharge, was discovered by the medical officer dropping some coppers on the stone corridor floor.

Naturally at that sound the assumed deaf man turned, and was instantly discharged from the comforts of hospital to duty—in his case "stable picket" and guard.

Some of the patients are marked "Up," some "Bed down," others "Out," and still more startling, "Dangerous." Now, speaking from a spiritual point, some of you are marked "Up." Yes, thank God, you are up and doing for the Lord, and doing well. Sad to say, some of you are up and doing, but "B. D."—bed down—that is, you are half-hearted. You can work for the Lord if you are not inconvenienced, but after that you stop, you are

overdone. God grant you will soon be fully up.

Better still, some of you are marked, "Dangerous"—aye, dangerous to the devil and his vices. Right in the thick of the fight, heeding nothing, unaffected by the jeers of the world, heedless of what would people say, but ever mindful of "What would Jesus do?"

What joy when every Salvationist and Christian is "Dangerous."

And yet some who read this may be sinners—sinners "up" and doing sin; sinners "dangerous," who are right on the brink of Hades, but who are not so far gone that they cannot be snatched back like burning brands from a fire.

Think now, you poor-sinners; stop your mad rush and think. You may any day be marked dangerous by any physician, and then it may be too late to pull up; so pull up now, this very day.

God grant you hesitate no longer, is the fervent prayer of your brother in Christ,—Fortes et Levis, Temple Corps.

HE MEANT BUSINESS.

A dear brother, sixty-three years of age, who gave his heart to God some seven weeks ago, in the Army barracks at Spokane, gave the following testimony three days after his conversion:

"Last Monday night I came into this hall considerably the worse for liquor, and asked God to forgive me, and I know He did pardon me. I went to my room afterwards and the craving for whiskey took hold of me. The evil spirit said, 'Take a drink, you need it.' The good Spirit said, 'Leave it alone.' The temptation was so great that I walked down to the city jail and asked Police Sergeant Sullivan to lock me up for three days, so that I might sober up. The Sergeant granted my request. I only came out to-day, but thank the Lord the appetite for drink has left me and I am a different man, and I now thank God, the Salvation Army, and Sergeant Sullivan, for my salvation."

Over six weeks have gone by, and though the evil spirit tries our brother, bless God, the good Spirit prevails. He attends the meetings every night, has taken his stand in our ranks, and testifies of God's wonderful power to save. Before he came to the Army barracks, he said that it was over forty years since he entered a place of worship. Our brother's name is Hope, and we have every hope for him.—Old Joe.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The New Voice, of Chicago, speaking of the magnificent work of a missionary, Mr. Murphy, who is a great prohibitionist in Japan, states:

"It was both curious and melancholy that Murphy was not generally supported by the 600 missionaries of Japan. True, he had help, magnificent help—after the game was well under way. But it came chiefly from the local preachers, and chief of all from the Salvation Army. The ecclesiastical dignitaries were fearful that it would make them 'unpopular.' 'It is our business to preach the Gospel and not meddle with lawsuits,' they said."

"The Salvation Army took the brunt of much of these squabbles, especially in Tokio. The Army, moreover, opened 'retreats' for the rescued and fugitive women, as fugitives became an epidemic after Murphy's victory. Now the girls, whether they have friends or not, have a place of refuge to fly to. For this work, the Salvation Army, while the newest, is the best known and most respected Christian organization in Japan."

"Now that the movement has been successful, it has become popular and there is a general rush of ecclesiastics to 'get in on the ground floor.'"

The way of this world is to praise dead saints and persecute living ones.—N. Howe.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.—St. Augustine.

On a dim mist gathering, tiny liquid gleams the Salvationist opened their eyes, display itself, From various market-places the ring as the drummer once, twice, the band joined rather raucous song.

One of the with rare discern his cornet he the rest; but, i weaknesses, a resolutely help ing modulation have gone ho the singing s right pitch, an preserved by of the cornet f less precision.

Towards the tain announce give them a co join in the ch glowing brow of the ring, lift tilted it slightl carry better, a played the sin greatly delight the music, but was irresistibl sing when the

"Fly away, fly morning
Fly away, fly Friend."

One of the b place was the pretensions re public-house, a "The Ring o" had been serv smoking in a r communicated an open balcon and the window

They were dressed, and c from those w banner outside

"Can you hear
"I've heard
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"It's a fine i
—and the man we want."

"So he is if
"Shall we tr
"Yes, if you I agree with y But —"

"What?"
"He's a Salv
"What does

that's all we c man handle a co old Dan pegged out a cornet, a man like that i

"When shall
"It must be He reminded m Slippers. Lister

And the two their heads tow "What a w others are! Au with them; how brings them up again, and keep it's magical! Y go down and said he, counsil end of his cigar

THE CORNET PLAYER.

On a dim winter's evening, with a thin mist gathering about them, and forming in tiny liquid globules on their rough clothing, the Salvationists assembled in a circle and opened their meeting. The banner refused to display itself, and hung limply from the pole. From various points in the spacious dusky market-place the stragglers drifted towards the ring as the Captain gave out the verse. The drummer struck his resonant instrument once, twice, thrice; the other members of the band joined in; and the ill-assorted and rather rancorous voices rose and fell in a lilting song.

One of the players handled his instrument with rare discrimination. With the blare of his cornet he might easily have drowned all the rest; but, instead of that, he covered their weaknesses, atoned for their faults, and resolutely helped them forward with insinuating modulations when otherwise they would have gone hopelessly astray. Neither did the singing suffer. It was kept up to the right pitch, and the rhythmic beat of it was preserved by the subdued, yet clear, notes of the cornet falling upon the ear with faultless precision.

Towards the close of the meeting the Captain announced that Brother Bennie would give them a cornet solo, and they would all join in the chorus. A little dark man, with glowing brown eyes, stepped into the middle of the ring, lifted the silver cornet to his lips, tilted it slightly upward that the sound might carry better, and, with rippling grace-notes, played the simple song. The audience was greatly delighted. Altogether unclassical was the music, but there was a catch in it that was irresistible, and impelled the people to sing when the chorus came:

"Fly away, fly away, on the wings of the morning,
Fly away, fly away, to thy Saviour and friend."

One of the buildings that faced the market-place was the leading hotel of the town, a pretentious re-erection on the site of an old public-house, and still retaining the name, "The Ring o' Bells." Two strangers, who had been served with a late dinner, were smoking in a room on the second floor which communicated by long French windows with an open balcony. The room was over-heated and the windows were left ajar.

They were men in middle life, smartly dressed, and of an entirely different type from those who were gathered about the banner outside.

"Can you hear that cornet, Jim?"
"I've heard it from the start."
"What do you think of it?"
"It's a fine instrument—silver I should say—and the man who plays it is the very man we want."

"So he is if we could get him."
"Shall we try?"

"Yes, if you are willing. As a musician, I agree with you; he's the very man we want. But—"

"What?"
"He's a Salvationist."

"What does that matter? He can play—that's all we care about. I haven't heard a man handle a cornet in that fashion since poor old Dan pegged out. We're incomplete without a cornet, and the chance of securing a man like that is one in a thousand."

"When shall we see him?"

"It must be to-night or in the morning. He reminded me of Dan in the Little Golden Slippers. Listen to him now!"

And the two men, thoroughly aroused, bent their heads toward the windows.

"What a wretched set of instruments the others are! And yet how he keeps in touch with them; how he dips down to them, and brings them up, and sets them on their feet again, and keeps them going. Bless me, Ned, it's magical! What do you say? Shall we go down and join them? We have time," said he, consulting his watch, and tossing the end of his cigar into the fire.

They went down and stood upon the outskirts of the crowd. The Captain had just called for the cornet solo. They craned their necks, and turned now this way, and now that, to catch a glimpse of the little man in the centre of the ring. They were both charmed with the manner in which he rendered it, and, when it was over, and while the chorus was being sung for the last time, Jim turned to one of the bystanders, and said:

"Can you tell me the name of the cornet player?"

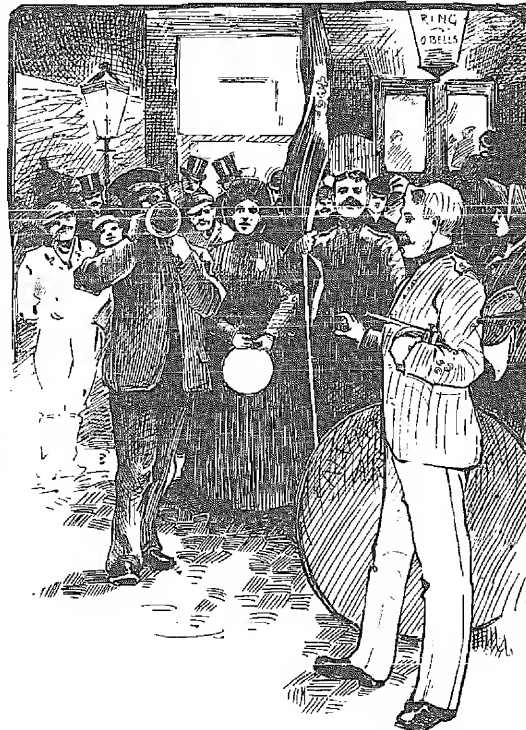
"John Bennie," was the ready answer.
"Bennie? Perhaps you mean Benjamin," said he, taking out his pocket-book, turning and slanting the page that he might take advantage of the shimmer of an electric light.

"John Benjamin what?"

"No, I mean Bennie," returned his informant, with a smile; "simply John Bennie."

"Is Bennie the surname?"

"It's all the name he's got except John."



"And with rippling grace-notes, played the simple song."

"Thank you. And where does he live?" he inquired, as he wrote down the name.

"He's a neighbor o' mine—No. 76 Wilton Street."

"Thank you." The name was written down, and the pocket-book returned to its warm place underneath the furs. "Then you know him, my friend."

"I should think I do. Everybody knows John Bennie."

"And what is his occupation?"

"Eh?"

"What is his employment? What does he work at?"

"Oh, he's a fettleer."

"A fettleer? What's that?"

"You don't belong to these parts, that's clear enough, or you'd know what a fettleer is. He's to do wi' t' cardin' machines at Pearson's; he cleans up, and such like—fettles."

"And how much does he earn as a fettleer?"

"Well, I reckon that's his business mayster," responded his informant, giving the questioner a shrewd look. But, as if satisfied with his inspection, he went on: "A matter

o' two or three and twenty shillin' a week. You seem vary partic'lar. What are you wantin' to know all these things for? Have you another job to offer him?"

"Maybe," returned the stranger, with an amused expression, but refusing to gratify the inquirer's curiosity. "Perhaps you could tell me what time he goes to his work in the morning."

"Ay, I could tell you that. He starts at six, and mostly leaves home about ten minutes to. Aught else? 'Appen you're a newspaper chap. Do you mean to write a paragraph about him? No! Well, he's a good soart, is John Bennie. I've known him all my life. Good-night mayster!"

"Good-night, my friend! And thank you again." And as the crowd broke up, the meeting being over, the two went to the hotel.

"We shall get him as right as nip," said Jim. "A man with twenty-three shillings a week won't refuse an offer like ours." But Ned was not so sure.

At five o'clock next morning the inmates of No. 76 Wilton Street were roused by a smart rat-tat-tat upon the

house door. It was too early for the usual "knocker-up," and the rapping was quite different from his. When John Bennie opened the door, he was surprised to see by the light of the candle which he held in one hand and shielded with the other, two well-dressed men who were perfect strangers to him.

"Good-morning," said they; and before Bennie could reply, Jim went on: "Excuse us for calling at this unearthly hour. Our business is important; have to leave the town by the seven express, and we wished to see you before you started for your work. May we come in?"

"Certainly," returned Bennie. "It's cold outside. Come in, and welcome; but I cannot understand what important business you can have with me. Haven't you made a mistake?"

"No," said Jim, as they stepped inside. "You are John Bennie?"

"Yes, that's my name," he replied, turning to the gas and lighting it.

"We have a proposal to make, greatly to your advantage, Mr. Bennie, and we hope you will accept it. We heard you

playing the cornet in the market-place last night. The manner in which you handled the instrument delighted us. Have you heard of the Columbians?"

"You mean the niggers."

"Well, yes, that's what we are called by most people in this locality," said Jim, with a smile. "I am the manager of the troupe, and my friend here, Mr. Edward Payne, is the secretary. We have a vacancy for a cornet; indeed, we have been on the lookout for a suitable man for some time, and we think you are the man. Will you join us?"

Bennie shook his head, with a doubtful look upon his face, and a faint suggestion of trouble in his eyes.

"We can pay you well," continued the manager. "We are just making arrangements to visit Australia. We can give you a clear five pounds a week. Traveling expenses and all incidentals come out of the common fund. What do you say?"

"It's a good offer, and I'm greatly obliged to you," returned Bennie slowly, "but it needs

thinking about. Do you want an answer at once?"

"We can scarcely expect that, but we should be glad of an answer in three days. Will you reply to the address on this card? If you decide to join us, and we hope you will, don't we, Ned?"—this appeal Ned confirmed by smiling affirmation—"you may rely upon capital company, treatment of the best, and a comfortable income. Our motto is, 'One and All.'"

"In three days—yes," said Bonnie, who had not quite recovered from his surprise, and who was wondering what his wife would say, while within him at the same time a vague consciousness of perplexity shaped itself as if the proposal were in the nature of a temptation. "I will write you in three days."

"Then we will not detain you further," said Jim, and the next moment they were gone.

John Bennie had time to explain the visit of the two men to his wife while she was preparing him a cup of coffee, and wrapping up the homely fare for the breakfast which he would take later on. She had come down the stairs immediately upon the disappearance of the two men, but she had been unable to gather the meaning of the low-voiced conversation which had taken place between them and her husband.

"Will you join them, John?" she inquired, rather anxiously, when he had made known to her the men's proposal.

"I cannot say, my lass; not if it means that we should have to separate, even if they offered me fifty pounds a week, and perhaps not at all."

"It's a lot of money, John, and the work would be light, and you would like to play the cornet, and we could still be together. I expect the other men take their wives with them."

"They may. I must think about it," and off John went to his "fettlin'."

At noon, when he returned to his dinner, he was silent and meditative, and his wife watched him with a questioning face, but she said nothing. It was a matter for John himself to decide, and she knew that when the decision was made he would tell her. At night, when his day's work was over and he was once more at home, he was still silent, and his face wore a somewhat worried look.

Most men would have jumped at such a proposal. Five pounds a week was affluence to a mill-worker who could only earn twenty-three shillings. Then the pleasure it would give a man who was fond of music, whose cornet was one of his best earthly treasures, to devote his life, or what remained of it, to a musical calling, and the development of a talent which he undoubtedly possessed, was a consideration which weighed heavily in favor of the proposal. His wife was flattered by the generous offer. It was also a recognition of her husband's ability, which pleased her very much. And she was not averse to travel. In John's company she would like to escape from her narrow surroundings, and see the great world outside. But she was afraid to persuade him, lest the acceptance of the offer should prove to be a mistake. John must settle it himself. She felt that it would be a perilous thing for her to interfere, so she allowed him to go out as usual without asking a single question, and anxiously awaited his return from the meeting.

When he came back the worried look was gone, and his face was radiated by a sunny smile. He was his own happy self again.

"I've settled it, my lass."

"When?"

"On my knees to-night. I shall not take it."

"Why?"

"Because the risks are too great; that is, they are too great for me. I should just slip back into the horrible pit and the miry clay, and the new song I can now sing would be silenced for ever. Remember, my lass, what I've been saved from. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. I cannot go against my own prayer. The Lord wouldn't hear me if I were to set His leading aside, and walk straight into temptation with both eyes open; and He wouldn't deliver me from

evil if the evil were my own choice. No, my lass, it's better for me to be a sober man, and try to live a good life on twenty-three shillings a week, than to become a drunkard again, with all that drunkenness would bring, on either five pounds or fifty, and it's better for thee."

"It is, John. I'm quite satisfied." And she kissed him.

The tinge of disappointment she could not but feel when she knew that he would reject the offer was suffused and lost in the glowing warmth of a great thankfulness. He had been a terrible drunkard. Their home was once a wreck. She herself had suffered misery unspeakable. And not for all the world would she go back to the old days before her husband's heart had been conquered by the love of Jesus and changed by the grace of God.

The manager of the Columbians was amazed to receive the refusal of the little cornet player to take the post which had been offered him. He had counted upon his services as an absolute certainty. But Ned said to him: "It isn't a question of salary with a man like that; it's a question of character."—A. Colbeck, in Sunday School Times.

THE TERRITORIAL SPIRITUAL SPECIAL ON THE WING.

(Special.)

Uxbridge—I had never been to Uxbridge before, but nevertheless received a good welcome from the soldiers and friends, and considering the wet weather we had very good crowds. Ensign Lott had made wide announcements of the visit. My assistants, Staff-Capt. Manton and Capt. DeBow were evangelizing at Barrie, so my daughter Myrtle accompanied and sang some of her sweet songs.

Much conviction rested on the audiences, but there were only two surrenders.

We were very kindly entertained by Mrs. Marat, and were made most comfortable.

Dundas.—Here I met with Adj. McHarg, the District Officer. Capt. Clark, a young man of six feet and over is the officer in charge. Prior to the service in the barracks we had a magnificent open-air meeting, and thus reached a large number of people we otherwise could not gather together. Who can measure the result of a good, solid, all-alive open-air meeting? We had a very precious service in the barracks. The Holy Spirit seemed to brood over us.

Hamilton I.—What a welcome, to be sure! There are some warm-hearted soldiers and friends at this notable corps. We were reinforced by the officers from Dundas and No. II., and we were delighted to have with us Ensign Joplin, from Cleveland, also. The program was a full one—dedication of the infant child of Bro. and Sister Case, enrolment of recruits, and commissioning of Locals, Sergeants, and bandsmen. Still we got through by 10 p.m., and had three souls seeking mercy into the bargain. Adj. and Mrs. McHarg have both been quite ill, but are improving. God bless Hamilton I.

Bowmanville.—Ensign and Mrs. Banks had announced us for Saturday and Sunday's meetings. We were delighted to meet one or two who were saved and enrolled on our last visit, over three years ago. Some splendid open-air services were held, and the indoor meetings were largely attended in comparison with the average attendances.

Lieut.-Colonel Hoggard has returned to Belfast. Whilst visiting his mother at Beverley, some time ago, he fell and sustained a double fracture of the left leg. The plaster has been removed and, accompanied by Mrs. Hoggard and Major Jordan, the Colonel left the hospital, Hull, for the Provincial Headquarters in Belfast.

THE S. A. WAR IN FRANCE.

Commissioner Cosandey has been visiting various parts of his command, and is reported as being very highly pleased with the state of the work under his jurisdiction.

The love of Adj. Pierredon for the Army is admirable, and his example worthy of imitation. Although he is very sick, and was ordered to Italy to regain a little strength, he is relentless in his activity. But a few weeks ago he was able to collect over two thousand francs. Desirous to do still more, he has set himself the task to collect three thousand more, and he is most hopeful of getting the money in a very short time.

A large number of officers, soldiers, and friends will attend the International Congress.

The French War Cry contains a long and interesting letter from Ensign Cabrit of Montreal. The Ensign expresses herself as very much encouraged in her work, and she expects before long to get help from France.

Our French comrades have been commemorating the 22nd anniversary of the introduction of the Salvation Army in France. Many friends were present in the Salle Aubert, the most important Parisian corps, for the occasion.

The following is reported in the French War Cry:

"A poor working man of Paris, earning but fifteen hundred francs a year, has just brought in a sum of 270 francs. We objected strongly to receive from him such a large amount of money. 'Do take it,' he said; 'I promised it to the Lord, and I owe Him 265 francs.' And as we were going to return the balance of five francs, he added, 'Keep this also, it is the interest on the sum I was so long in remitting.'"

DELIGHT IN NATURE.

There is a rapture in gazing on this wondrous world. There is a joy in contemplating the manifold forms in which the All-beautiful has concealed His essence—the living garment in which the Invisible has robed His mysterious loveliness. In every aspect of nature there is joy, whether it be the purity of virgin morning or the sombre grey of a day of clouds, or the solemn pomp and majesty of night; whether it be the chaste lines of the crystal, or the waving outlines of distant hills, tremulously visible through dim vapors; the minute petals of the fringed daisy, or the over-hanging form of mysterious forests. It is a pure delight to see. It is true, even literally, that the darkness reveals God. Every morning God draws the curtain of the garish light across His eternity, and we lose the infinite. We look down on earth instead of up to heaven, on a narrower and more contracted spectacle—that which is examined by the microscope when the telescope is laid aside—smallness instead of vastness.—F. W. Robertson.

MANHOOD.

It is good to know how a true spirit will vindicate itself with truth and freedom through what obstructions soever; how the acorn cast carelessly into the wilderness will make room for itself, and grow to be an oak. I call a man remarkable who becomes a true workman in this vineyard of the highest. Be his work that of palace-building, and kingdom founding, or only that of delving and ditching, to me it is of no matter, or next to none. All human work is transitory, small in itself, contemptible. Only the worker thereof, and the spirit that dwells in him is significant.

Blind and deaf that we are; oh, think if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds, and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful when it is too late.—Carlyle (Reminiscences).

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THE WAR CRY.

The Desirable Immigrant.

Some few days ago a city gentleman, who had either been misinformed, or for some reason best known to himself desired to remain in ignorance respecting the Army fostering emigration from the Old Land, had some very unpleasant, not to say extremely foolish, things to say respecting hard-working men coming to this country from Great Britain.

The question of immigration is a very broad one, and in the confines of the space we have in this paper to treat with such a subject, we are only able to dwell briefly upon it.

In the first place, surely Canadians have sufficient love in their hearts for our brothers and sisters in the motherland to give them a welcome to our shores, when they ask nothing more than work to enable them to live decently. Just so, we hear some grumbler exclaim, but we do not wish to fill Canada with the "rif-raff" of the old world, and overgrow our towns and cities with undesirable persons. In this idea the officers of the Salvation Army fully concur. Folly it is on the part of any organization who would give encouragement or aid to any enterprise which would make Canada less a paradise than it is; thus we say, for the information of those who desire to know, that the S. A. is bringing out to this land and others of the new world, men and women who are able by their toil to make good workmen, principally those suited for farming.

That city gentleman who so exultantly called into question the bringing out of farm labor perhaps knew as little about farming and farmers' needs at the present time as he knew about the question of immigration, and doubtless has some other reason in giving an adverse opinion. The picture we give to our readers at the foot of this page will be sufficiently convincing, without any wordy argument, that farmers are in need of men, and anyone who has given the matter a few minutes' thought will, we think, come to the conclusion that no country can be impoverished by too many tilling the soil.

It is this class of men that the Salvation Army is interested in—men who are able-bodied and willing to work. The lafer has to stand aside. There are, unfortunately, in Great Britain at the present time, due to various reasons, too many willing workers

who need the friendly hand of help for our officers to trouble with those who are not industrious.

We extend, and have extended, the hand of friendship to those who have come to our country from foreign shores, and rightly so, when they are the desirable class of immigrant. Why should we, therefore, listen to the vapors of empty minds from unsympathetic individuals when an opportunity comes to us to help our brothers and sisters of the British Isles.



Canadian Cuttings.

The Frontenac Cereal Company of Kingston are planning to erect a \$250,000 mill at Vancouver.

John McDougald, farmer, was killed near Fullerton by a house that he was moving falling upon him.

Miss Jane Payne was struck by a train at Belleville, and thrown up on a bank, but escaped with a few bruises.

Chicago men have purchased a block of 40,000 acres of land in Eastern Assiniboia.

A Canadian survey party left Vancouver to begin the Alaska boundary survey.

Alfred Lester Moore was drowned in the Humber, Toronto.

The planing mill of Mr. Henry Lindop, St. Thomas, was burned. Loss, \$12,000.

The missionaries of the Mackenzie River Diocese lost their year's supplies in a flood.

Toronto East District Methodists approved of Church union.

The Ontario Government appointed the commission on the taxation of railways.

The notorious Quaekenbush confessed that Burke stole into the Central Prison.

Sergt. Cross has resigned from the Toronto police force on the plea of ill-health.

The Steamer Garden City met with an accident and had to be towed into port at Toronto.

Mr. John Coulter, Toronto, father of the Deputy Postmaster-General, is dead, aged 84.

A number of Toronto bakers were summoned for infringement of the Lord's Day act.

A large number of Toronto school teachers asked for a change in the mode of paying salaries.

Mr. Peter Ellis, of Toronto Junction, was nominated by West York Liberals for the Local House.

The Transportation Commission heard important evidence at Collingwood.

William H. Stewart, colored, died at his home at Windsor, aged 105 years.

Trade returns show that imports from Germany have largely fallen off since the surtax was imposed.

Rev. L. Brown, of Petrolia, is leaving to take the pastorate of one of the largest Baptist Churches in Cleveland.

The Countess of Minto has left for England, accompanied by Lady Eileen Elliot and Capt. Graham, A.D.C.

Thos. C. Beman, who formerly kept a drug store on Wilton Ave., Toronto, died suddenly at his father's residence at Newcastle.

Nearly all the second-class accommodation on all steamers of the Allan Line has been taken up to the month of September by intending immigrants from Great Britain and Europe.

U. S. Siftings.

At New York the courts decided that an alien admitted by the Board of Special Inquiry cannot be again deported.

Mayor McLane, of Baltimore, Md., committed suicide by shooting.

Floods did great damage to buildings and crops in many parts of Kansas.

British Briefs.

The report of the Royal Commission on the volunteer and militia forces practically recommends conscription.

Hon. Edward Blake has abandoned his law practice in order that he may remain in Parliament.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland decided against adopting the uniform version of the metrical Psalms used in Canada and the United States.

International Items.

A French officer is under arrest on a charge of having spent money in order to secure the conviction of Dreyfus.

Several French soldiers who took part in a walking match died from over-exertion.



Farmers Hiring Freshly-Arrived Immigrants from England in the Council Chamber, Territorial Headquarters, Toronto.



OUR SACRED CHARTER.

BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

15.—Titus.

Titus, a Greek by birth, is addressed by Paul as "My own son after the common faith." He was the first Christian convert who was not circumcised, and was taken by Paul to Jerusalem to try the matter, when the council decided against its necessity (Gal. ii. 3, Acts xv.). It is not known when the church in Crete was founded, but it is probable that it was after Paul's first imprisonment on his way to Asia, and that he then left Titus in charge of it. His position was one of particular difficulty; the people had sunk into gross immorality, instability, and lying. Paul advises his deputy upon the course he should take. The epistle resembles the first to Timothy, was probably written about the same time, and gives a condensed code of instructions on doctrine, morals, and discipline.

INSTRUCTION DRILL.

The Duties of Servants to Their Masters.

The relation of servants to masters is a perfectly just and lawful one. It always has existed, and probably always will do. The capacity and energy of some persons will inevitably lead them and others connected with them to occupy positions of leadership and command, while the opposite qualities will carry others to positions of obedience and service.

The position of master and servant does not necessarily imply any superior conditions of happiness and usefulness. There are advantages and disadvantages on both sides. In some cases the master's position is more favorable to usefulness and happiness, and in others the servant's.

Therefore servants must be contented with their condition. If the Providence of God should open a door whereby they can change it and become masters, then very good, but otherwise there should be no restless, miserable striving for the change.

Servants must seek the welfare of their masters in every way that is right and reasonable. They must not be content with merely performing their own duties, but if they see any opportunity by which the master's interests can be advanced, they must make the best of such opportunity for him, or if they see any conduct or circumstances which are injurious to him they should at once endeavor to remedy the evil.

Servants must be industrious, doing all the work they reasonably can. A very false notion prevails—namely, that a man is perfectly justified in doing as little work as will content his master, rather than doing as much as he can.

Instead of such a lazy, selfish course being beneficial to the servant, it always produces just the opposite effect. It is the man who does the most he can, not the least, who is discharged last when work is scarce, and promoted first when men who can be relied upon are wanted.

Moreover, the Lord says that servants are to serve, not with eye-service—that is, doing as little as will content their masters—but doing their work to the best of their ability, both in quality and quantity, so as to please Christ, who will reward them, whatever their earthly master does. "Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with goodwill doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men: knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord." (Eph. vi. 6, 7, 8.)

Servants should endeavor to improve their business ability, and should strive to excel in everything to which they put their hand. To be a good servant or workman will command the respect of master and mistress and fellow-servants, even if they are the enemies of Christ and the Salvation Army.

How often the testimony has been borne by masters and mistresses with regard to servants that, although they hate their salvation, yet they are so industrious and capable that they cannot afford to part with them; in many cases this very quality has led to the salvation of members of the family, and in some cases to that of the masters and mistresses themselves.

WONDERFUL REDEEMER.

Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the Word of God
Through the wide world.
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

Far over sea and land,
Tis our Lord's own command,
Bear ye His name.
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door,
Silence is shame.

Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly.
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.

When on the mighty deep
He will their spirits keep,
Stay'd on His Word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand,
Jesus, their Lord.

Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign,
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won,
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall ye shine.

—F. S., Toronto.

HOW TO LAUGH.

The secret of happiness is not the size of one's purse, or the style of one's house, or the number of one's butterfly friends; the fountain of peace and joy is in the heart. If you would only throw open your heart's windows to the sunshine of Christ's love, it would soon scatter the chilling mists, and even turn tears into rainbows.

Some professed Christians pinch and starve themselves into walking skeletons, and then try to excuse themselves on the plea of ill-health, or "constitutional" ailments. The medicines they need are from God's pharmacy. A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the heart's windows to the promises of the Master, a few words of honest prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the next person whom you meet, will do more to brighten your countenance and help your digestion than all the drugs of the doctors. If you want to get your aches and trials out of sight, hide them under your mercies.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

SILENT FORCES.

It is the silent forces of nature that are the most potent. Those forces which are ever around us, yet are so quiet, that they fail to arouse the undiscerning mind. Is it not the silent stream that runs deepest? Is it not the silent moon, in her stately course athwart the heavens, that upheaves the vast ocean into gigantic waves? Is it not the silent power of the sun's rays that disrobes the earth of its white snow mantle, and clothes it with a verdant green; that wakes the oak from its slumber; that makes the daisy lift up its face and smile, and the birds sing with jubilant thankfulness? Nay, it is these wonderful solar rays, which float silently around us, which contain the gorgeous colors of every flower, the splendor of the rainbow, and carry even the whirlwinds within their grasp—that are striving to point out to you the great wisdom of the Creator—that are reflecting the very images of His handiwork, that you might prepare yourself to know "from whence they came."

HEARING AND SALVATION.

What a mistake to imagine that, by hearing first one preacher and then another, we can derive benefit to our souls! More is wanted than such hearing. A raven may fly from cage to cage, but it is not thereby changed into a dove. Go from room to room of the royal feast, and the sight of the tables will never stay your hunger. The main thing is—to have and hold the truth personally and inwardly; if this be not the case, the hearer will die in his sins, albeit ten thousand should direct him in the way of salvation.—C. H. Spurgeon.

TRUE EDUCATION.

In all—language, geography, history, literature—the student needs to have not merely the symbol but its vital meaning. He needs to know, not names of books, but the spirit in the books; not the dates of the history, but the trend of events in the history; not the mere natural forces, but their expression and their co-ordination; not the names of boundaries and states, but what various countries, and especially what his own country, in its physical aspect, stand for; not merely alphabet and words, but how to use words, so as to express the mind that is in him, and how to understand words so that he can comprehend the mind that is in another man. Thus the educated man must know language, geography, history, science, literature.—Lyman Abbott, D.D. (The Rights of Man.)

DOOR-WAYS.

Whatever it be that keeps the finer faculties of the mind awake, wonder alive, or whatever it be that gives gladness, or sorrow, or hope, this, be it violin, pencil, or pen, is simply a divine gift of holy influence for the salvation of that being to whom it comes, for the lifting of him out of the mire and up on the heights. For it keeps a way open for the entrance of deeper, holier, grander influences emanating from the same riches of the Godhead.—George MacDonald.

DETRACTION.

Those who propagate evil reports frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case; for cause no man who spreads detraction would have scrupled to produce it; as he who should diffuse poison in a brook would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should allege that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.—Dilke.

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Young People's Page

The Amateur Photographer.

Development of Instantaneous Work.—For a half-plate, dissolve 2 gr. pyro in 2 oz. of water. Flow this over the plate, rock well, and keep a good distance from the red light. Have by you a 10 per cent. solution of bromide of potassium, also an ammonia solution, half ammonia and half water. Put about one-third of the amount of ammonia and bromide recommended in the maker's formula, and return the pyro solution from the dish to the same, thoroughly mix, and then flow over the plate. Give it two minutes rocking, and if the high lights then appear and the other details follow, do not add any more alkali, but let development proceed slowly. Remember that it is often extremely difficult to get

count should permanently be tacked to a light, movable frame. If a lighter background is required at any time, rub slightly over its surface with a duster a little finely-powdered whiting. By all means avoid a fancy-painted background, so repugnant to those with art tastes.

Do not light the person to be photographed entirely from the front, or a flat, tame picture will be the result; or, on the other hand, place him (or her) in such a position as for one side of the face to be brilliantly lighted, and the reverse in dark shadow. A compromise, so to speak, between the two is the thing to be aimed at.

The artistic arrangement of a group will tax to the utmost the skill and taste of the operator. By all means avoid stiffness and formality; nothing looks so bad as the "all-in-a-row" arrangement. The figures, too, should not be placed too far from

The Island was discovered by the Japanese in 1612. The Russians founded a post there in 1853. Japanese fishermen had settled on the coast, and trouble arose between them and the Russians. Japan ultimately ceded her claim, and the Russians sent convicts to the island.

There are now 32,000 Russians and 5,000 natives on the island; of the former 23,000 are convicts and ex-convicts. Many of the Gilyaks, who are the most numerous among the native tribes, are fishermen. So plentiful are salmon in some of the rivers that the Russians have caught as many as three thousand in one haul.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, defending in the House of Commons recently the expenditure of the navy, said the necessity for the maintenance of a two-power standard had not changed. He trusted the country would not be involved in another great war, but if it occurred he hoped the House would not be unwilling to pay what was necessary to defend its honor. The Chancellor pointed out that Great Britain was now building sixty-three warships, against the same number for France and Russia.

DIED AGED 777.

Here is a tit-bit from Australia. In a bush town there lived a poor undertaker, who, not having had the early advantages of school teaching, was unable to read.

On one occasion a man died whose age was twenty-eight years. The undertaker, not being able to write twenty-eight, waited for the boys coming from school, one of whom he asked how he made twenty-eight.

"Four sevens are twenty-eight," replied the boy, promptly.

In order to make quite sure, the undertaker asked another boy if four sevens made twenty-eight.

"Certainly they do," he answered.

Quite pleased with himself the undertaker went away. Seven was a figure that he could do the best. So the coffin was made, and the age of the man appeared on the lid like this: Age 777!

A FAST STEAMSHIP.

Preliminary steps, we are told, have been taken for the organization of a company that will build a ship which will cross the ocean in three days. A meeting was held in the office of Mr. Lewis Nixon, New York, at which was present Mr. Richard Benjamin Fainton, inventor of the "multiple electric propeller." The plan tentatively agreed upon is to build a vessel 600 feet in length, at a cost of about \$2,000,000, with which it is confidently asserted the passage between New York and Southampton will be cut in two. The inventor claims that forty knots an hour can be made.

The device consists of a series of propellers arranged along the sides of a vessel and driven at great



A Glimpse up Chestnut St., Toronto. (S. A. Photo.)

contrasts in sea-scapes, and, therefore, unless in cases where the most favorable circumstances are present, it will be necessary to let the development work out slowly for thirty minutes, and very frequently an hour or an hour and a half will not be too long in order to secure the best possible results. A slow, patient development will give a much more delicate negative than one produced quickly by an excess of alkali and an over-increased supply of pyro and bromide. Few, however, possess the necessary amount of patience to develop a negative slowly; but slow development gives the highest results in ordinary as well as in instantaneous work.

In practice it will be found that about one-half the quantity of the developer given in the maker's formula brings up the high lights. When these have progressed, somewhat more may be added, according as the plate seems to require it. If the high lights appear very slowly it is needless, case of under-exposure, and more alkali must be given. If the high lights come too quickly, more bromide solution should be added.

In case of a pronounced development, it is as well to apply a fresh developer every twenty minutes, and thus avoid stain. When the development is nearly complete—if the shadows are still without detail—add a few drops of ammonia solution in order to veil them, and by this means avoid bronzing in the printing.

Instantaneous photographs should be fully developed, and should be as full of detail and quite as sharp as any other class of picture. Many amateurs seem to think that, as the probability is most instantaneous pictures are under-exposed, there is therefore, a reasonable excuse for the absence of detail. In nine cases out of ten the lack of detail is entirely due to under-development.

Hints.—The camera is manipulated in much the same way for instantaneous photography as for ordinary work. The shutter, the dark-slide should not be drawn until the exposure is about to take place. Avoid worry and hurry. Watch carefully and patiently for the direct effect. "Snap" goes the shutter, and the picture is secured.

Many amateurs fail in the shutter work by exposing just too soon rather than too late. Be on the alert, however, to hit exactly the critical moment.

Outdoor Portraits.—Given a suitable light and favorable surroundings, does not present half the difficulties to the amateur as work attempted indoors. The chief point to mind out of doors is to cut off the glaring top light, and a piece of canvas, a large umbrella, or even the branches of a tree, will admirably effect the purpose. Portraits in the open air should never be attempted in blazing sunlight, but a shady spot should be selected.

A garden always supplies a suitable background for this class of work. An old ivied stump, trailing plants, the doorway of a rustic summer-house—each or all of these always wonderfully enhance the charm of a portrait. A brick wall should always be hidden from view, as a background of this character looks so very unsightly. An ordinary blanket can be admirably used for putting beneath carpets, and purchasable from any good draper's establishment, also makes a very effective background; its only drawback is that it is extremely tender, and on this ac-

a broad Scotch accent.

"A pair of shoes,"

The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He was living by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning and held out a package.

"I have the shoes, sir," he said.

Mr. Blank, with difficulty recalled the circumstances. "Oh, you want a pair. Not in those rags, my lad! You would disgrace the house."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stunted himself of food in order to buy the clothes. The manufacturer questioned him, and found to his regret that he could neither read nor write.

"It is necessary that you should do both before we can employ you in carrying home packages," he said. "We have no place for you."

The lad's face grew paler, but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He now went fifteen miles into the country and found work in stables near a night school, where during yet another six months waiting he learned how to read and write, in addition to acquiring an elementary knowledge of arithmetic. During this time he had carefully saved back his better clothing, and now at last once more presented himself to Mr. Blank.

"I can read and write now, sir," he said. "Again recalling the circumstances, Mr. Blank was so impressed with the pluck and perseverance of the lad that he gave him the place for which he had so nobly striven."

WHERE IS SAKHALIN?

The Island of Sakhalin, where the Gilyak and other tribes live, is situated in the north of Japan. It is 590 miles long, and three-quarters of it is covered with dense forests. The rivers are the highways. They are traversed by canoes in summer and dog sleighs in winter. The temperature varies from 55 degrees below zero to 104 degrees above.



A Rag-Picker, Centre Ave., Toronto. (S. A. Photo.)

speed by electricity. For a torpedo boat destroyer the size of those at present in use in the United States navy twelve propellers would be necessary, six on each side. In addition, single or twin screws could be provided, to be operated alone, or jointly with the side propellers.

Steamship propulsion now consumes 3,000 tons of coal, at a cost of \$15,000 a trip to Southampton. The electrical ship will reduce the coal consumption to 1,500 tons, being a saving of \$9,000 on each trip.

The difference between a good statue and an indifferent one is not in the broad outline, but in the delicate workmanship. So likewise is it between the outward life of the Christian and other men.—Rev. H. Bower.

THE WAR CRY.



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THE DAY OF ADVANCE.

Undoubtedly the Commissioner's meeting in the large Temple auditorium, on Monday evening, May 30th, ranked among the very best that has ever been conducted by our leader. From the point of Salvation Army enthusiasm it has never been excelled. Of course the meeting was unique in its character.

Firstly, the commissioning of forty Cadets.
Secondly, the farewell of the Congress Contingent, and

Thirdly, the additional attraction of twelve colored juveniles from the Bermudas.

The spacious auditorium, as our readers will gather from the detailed report elsewhere, was crowded to excess, standing-room being at a premium.

The most pleasing thought, however, is that this remarkable gathering, presided over by the Commissioner, can be taken as a good evidence that the Salvation Army in the Queen City is decidedly on the up-grade. Never can we remember when the people of Toronto, generally, exercised such interest in Army affairs, or gave it such sympathetic and financial support.

We give the glory to God, and allow this memorable night at the Temple to pass into S. A. history. But the inspiration which came to hundreds of hearts will not soon be forgotten.

BON VOYAGE.

Ere this issue is in the hands of our readers the Territorial Congress Contingent will have swung out onto the broad Atlantic, bound for bonny England. The party will consist of two hundred, or a little more, a representative group among the six thousand who are now sailing and steaming towards London from the four quarters of the globe.

Just think! One hundred thousand warriors will soon greet each other in the great metropolis.

Our officers and soldiers go with a very warm love for their General, and a yearning desire to receive fresh blessing for future conflicts on the battlefield of this Territory.

It is too early to speak as to what the results of these great gatherings will be—we can, however, be quite certain that the effect on the world at large for good will be highly gratifying. These pages will be chronicling, as well as print can depict, those seasons of soul-refreshing, inspiration, and salvation. More we cannot say at present than wish our comrades God-speed, a safe passage, and hope they may suffer from dreaded "mal de mer" as little as possible.

The Congress Party leave thousands of devoted Salvationists and friends, who remain behind with commendable devotion, and who will keep the Gospel chariot rolling, lift high the flag, and make a record of soul-saving in their absence. To them God will be gracious and not over-look their self-sacrifice.

Lastly, pray for our honored General, upon whom rest such heavy responsibilities, that he may receive special divine support to enable him to perform the arduous duties of this monster campaign.

CORNER-STONE LAID

Of the New Salvation Army Citadel at Cornwall.

The corner-stone of the new Salvation Army Citadel was laid on Saturday afternoon, May 28th, before a large concourse of citizens, by ex-Mayor D. Alguire. Mr. P. E. Campbell, another ex-Mayor, presided, and Brigadier Turner conducted the religious services. Speeches were made by Rev. Dr. Harkness (Presbyterian), Rev. Dr. Ryckman (Methodist), Rev. S. Sheldon (Baptist), Messrs. Duncan Munroe, A. R. MacLennan, James L. Groves, and Dr. Alguire. The new Citadel will be a stone and brick structure of considerable size, located in the centre of the town, and will be a credit to the Army garrison located here.—Special Despatch to the Globe.



Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich arrives home on Thursday after a successful tour to and from the Pacific Coast. The Indian Congress Party, which he has safely piloted, will be an interesting sight to see.

Many matters claim the attention of the Territorial Headquarters Staff at the moment. Each officer appears to have many irons in the fire. The Chief Secretary sets the pace by "burning midnight oil" in his war office, while others of lesser responsibilities are hard at it to wind things up before the great I. C.

Sergt.-Major Graham, of Indianapolis, after twenty years of service in the Salvation Army, recently died at his home, 508 Blake Street, Indianapolis, of pneumonia. At his bedside was his wife, who had enlisted in the work with him and had been his constant companion in all the hardships they had to endure. For seven days and nights she had sat by him and had not taken off her clothes to sleep. He was sixty-two years old. When the Salvation Army first began making a crusade through Canada, they were among the first converts to the faith. Together they sang and prayed and ministered to the poor for twenty years, during which time they lived in Thamesville and London, Canada, recently moving to Findlay, O.; Detroit, Mich., and Chatham, Mich. Since January 8th they had been in Indianapolis. Of their six children two daughters joined the Salvation Army. Many Canadian Salvationists and friends will remember our now-glorified comrade for his work of love in this country, and regret his death.

Major Howell has returned from Winnipeg, where he has been in consultation with officials on the question of immigration.

Major Archibald has arrived home hale and hearty from a tour in the Eastern Provinces, where he inspected the Prison Gate Work of the Salvation Army, and organized new branches in Sydney, C.B., St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S., in connection with the eastern jails and penitentiaries.

The following is a paragraph from a letter which the Transportation Department has just received from Ensign Hancock, of St. Thomas: "I am pleased to say there was a very enthusiastic welcome given to the English party last week-end. Splendid crowds and finances up. Most of them have got jobs and some working already. The biggest difficulty is to get houses for them, but I think we will manage this in a day or two. They themselves are delighted and appear to be solid Salvationists."

The Klondike party, as now complete, is made up of Adj. and Mrs. Cummins, Spokane; Lieut. Adams, late assistant at the Temple corps; Capt. Andrews and Lieut. Peace, recently in charge of Collingwood.

Twelve colored children have arrived at the Centre from the Bermudas, on their way to the Congress.

We hope in our next issue to commence a fascinating serial story, entitled, "Leaves from a Life." The story of a modern prodigal. As the romance is true in every particular, and an up-to-date evidence of what the grace of God can accomplish, we believe it will be read with unusual interest.

Mrs. Brigadier Southall, Women's Social Secretary, is visiting the Maritime Provinces, inspecting the St. John and Halifax Rescue Homes. On her way to the East she visited the Ottawa and Montreal Homes, and was delighted with the new premises secured in both cases, which are more commodious than the buildings formerly occupied.

NEWS FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

The General's visit to Switzerland has resulted in impressive meetings and wonderful crowds. Nearly three thousand Swiss Salvationists marched in procession, and 347 souls found their way to the mercy seat. In one or two respects this campaign has exceeded any similar one in the past.

The crowds attending the meetings have been larger and more representative; the soldiers have come up to the fight splendidly clad in uniform, and in a higher degree of spiritual and martial efficiency; and the press, always rather shy to elaborate descriptions of purely spiritual efforts, have published glowing accounts of the General's visit.

It is expected 150 French Salvationists will cross the Channel to be present at the International Congress.

Germany will have a large guitar orchestra present at the International Congress.

Colonel Taylor has arrived in England. Concerning his visit to Canada the British Cry states:

"The Colonel states public confidence in the Salvation Army is unbounded in Canada, and we are steadily increasing in numbers and in influence. The Colonel was much impressed not only by the frank and warm-hearted disposition of the Canadian, but also by his alertness and energy. One of his earliest calls was on a go-ahead English officer who, after welcoming the Englishman warmly, pointed to the telephone in his home and asked if the Colonel would like to ring up the Government offices or the editor of the local paper!"

Concerning the use of intoxicating liquors in the British Isles the London Cry has this to say:

The extent to which intemperance induces the thought of self-murder is well known. It is sad to observe that suicides have increased steadily during the last decade, and are considerably in excess of the increase of population. The last five years gave 2,080 suicides and 2,061 attempts (though of course many more attempts were unknown or hushed up), total 5,041, whereas the total for the five years before that was only 4,554.

The pecuniary cost to the country of the fruits of the liquor traffic is difficult to estimate. It may, however, be noted that for 1902 we paid—

Police	£4,706,008
Prisons	670,000
Reformatories and Industrial Schools	515,051
Criminal Lunatics	41,705
Poor Law	12,261,192
Asylums	2,044,700
	£20,247,854

Estimates as to the amount attributable to drink will largely vary. But a very moderate estimate might be that half the police would not be required but for intemperance, that three-quarters of the prison cells are filled directly or indirectly by drink, that three-quarters of the children in our reformatories are the offspring of the intemperate, that half the criminal lunacy and at least a third of ordinary lunacy is drink-cursed, and that half our poor-law expenditure is necessitated by the intemperate and for their children. These figures leave out the cost of judges, magistrates, etc.

The Comm

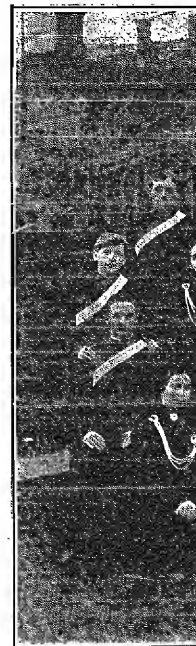
A MONSTER CROWD
—FAREWELL OF
NILE SONGSTER

Packed from floor to ceiling, the large Temple Auditorium, on Monday night, May 30th, the vast and enthusiastic throng there to witness two centuries over by the Commissioner.

There were the usual, say the unusual, preliminary reigns supreme. The forty Cadets from the Territorial event of interest, and some of the Congress Contingent, the International Congress.

My vision was hazed by faces as I confronted the matter which direction faces lit with expectancy a few moments the solution was explained, for with a lady in uniform entered and faced the crowd. At hundreds of hands clapped come the beloved Commissioner, beautiful smile of respect. Booth, the idol of Canadian took her seat in the centre of Officers.

After a brief, touching prayer from Lieut.-Colonel of the Temple corps interpretation of the refrain. Then came the beautiful night. In detachments to ward to receive their command of their leader, and their future rank and de-



The Commissioner at the Temple.

A MONSTER CROWD—FORTY CADETS COMMISSIONED FOR THE FIELD
—FAREWELL OF THE TORONTO CONGRESS CONTINGENT—JUVE-
NILE SONGSTERS AND SONGSTRESSES FROM THE BERMUDAS.

Packed from floor to ceiling, even the window ledges occupied, it was easily seen the large Temple Auditorium was not big enough, on Monday night, May 30th, by half to hold the vast and enthusiastic crowd that gathered there to witness two ceremonies, presided over by the Commissioner.

There were the usual, or rather I should say the unusual preliminaries, as enthusiasm reigned supreme. The commissioning of forty Cadets from the Training Home was an event of interest, and secondly the farewell of the Congress Contingent from Canada to the International Congress.

My vision was hazed by the sea of uplifted faces as I confronted the congregation. No matter which direction I turned my gaze, faces lit with expectancy met my glance. In a few moments the solution of that eager look was explained, for with a quiet, dignified step a lady in uniform entered on the platform and faced the crowd. At her first appearance hundreds of hands clapped together to welcome the beloved Commissioner. With a beautiful smile of response Commissioner Booth, the idol of Canada's Salvation Army, took her seat in the centre of the faithful staff Officers.

After a brief, touching, and appropriate prayer from Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, the band of the Temple corps gave a grand interpretation of the refrain, "Jesus, the name." Then came the beautiful ceremony of the night. In detachments the Cadets came forward to receive their commissions from the hand of their leader, and as she announced their future rank and destination, and spoke

sympathetic and well-chosen words of comfort and encouragement to each and every one, the applause and joy of the congregation were such as will never be forgotten.

Think what that ceremony meant. Forty strong and healthy men and women, youthful, able, and qualified to fill almost any post in business, putting aside their opportunities to amass wealth, to secure social honor and rank, and assuming in their place humble positions as soldiers of the Lord, workers among the sinning and degraded, coming into contact with drunkards and criminals, with the vilest of the vile, sacrificing all their many opportunities of social advancement, to gird on the armor of sanctity and consecration, and fight among the people in whatever place they may be destined to be placed as true and faithful Salvationists.

What a glorious sight! Heroes indeed in this twentieth century are they.

After all had received their commissions from the Commissioner, and the accompanying words of love and counsel, a party of children from Bermuda gave a pleasing exhibition of drill and sang a sweet song of the "White lilies of Bermuda."

Intelligently were their actions performed, distinctly was every syllable of their song articulated. The few minutes the little colored songsters from the Bermudas stood before us we seemed to grasp a better idea of the extent of the work of this mighty Salvation Army.

Finally came a spirited and intellectual address from the Commissioner, in which she enumerated the blessings and advantages of

salvation, and contributed a touching and loving tribute to our grand old General, upon whose face the contingent leaving would soon be privileged to look, and enjoy the blessing and inspiration of his words.

Needless to add, everyone present echoed the wish of the speaker that God would ever bless our honored General.

After the Commissioner expressed her sorrow at leaving her people for the Old Land and her intention of keeping them ever near her heart and in her prayer during her brief absence. She spoke of her intended return to the joy of the assembly, shown as only such gatherings can, making manifest the fact that with regard to our Commissioner "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

In response to a suggestion from Colonel Jacobs, the whole crowd waved their handkerchiefs in farewell to the envoys for England and the outgoing Cadets from the College into their respective spheres as officers.

In prayer was closed a meeting that will stand long in the annals of the Toronto Salvation Army corps as being verily a "red-letter day," and one for which thanks to God are surely paid.—Fortis et Lenis.

TEMPLE TRIUMPHS.

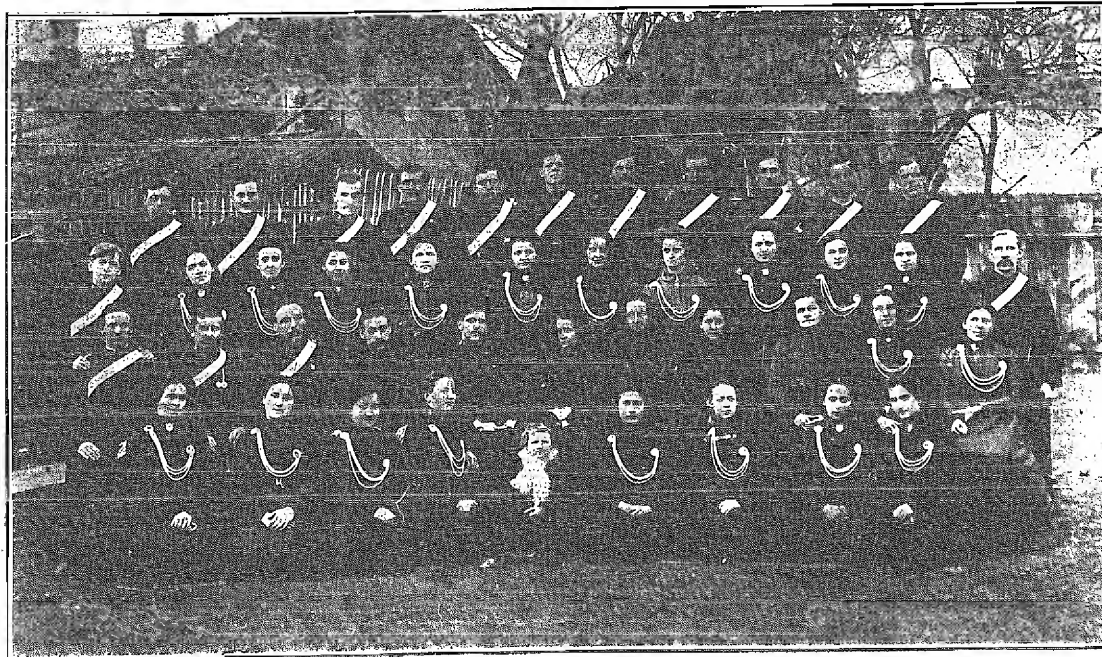
(Special.)

The gigantic salvation campaign at the Temple, covering three days' meetings, conducted by Major and Mrs. Stanoy, assisted by their Staff and Cadets was a rousing success. The crowds increased at every meeting, until on Monday night, when our beloved leader, the Commissioner, conducted the commissioning of the Cadets, the large auditorium was gorged.

The twelve native children from Bermuda, with their lily drill, captivated the audience. The splendid Temple band rendered exceptional service throughout the entire campaign and delighted everybody with their sweet strains.

The Commissioner also commissioned the Toronto portion of the Canadian Contingent to the great International Congress.

Fourteen souls sought pardon and cleansing during the meetings, and the income of \$125 broke the record.—Adj. W. C. Arnold.



CADETS, TERRITORIAL TRAINING HOME.



Central Ontario.

Youthful Hearts Melted by the Love of God.
Chesley.—We were pleased to see Ensign Bloss, T. P. S., step off the G.T.R. train at Chesley depot with the intention of visiting Chesley corps and conducting a special meeting. The lecture entitled, "Nine Years on the Battlefield," was very interesting and profitable. Those who came were well pleased with the meeting. Lieut. Thomas Hore of Forest, is at home for a few days. He assisted in the meetings on Sunday. Four boys, between the ages of nine and twelve, came out boldly to the penitent form and gave their hearts to God. It was beautiful indeed to hear them asking God to forgive them and enable them to be good. Our prayer is that they may be a great blessing to the corps.—T. J. Meeks, Capt.

Pacific Coast News.

FINANSIAL SPECIAL, PACIFIC PROVINCE.

Ensign Shanley, accompanied by myself, left Spokane, and after an all-night ride arrived in Everett, where we found Adjt. Larder and Capt. Holder holding the fort. The fight here has been extremely hard, but the Adjutant reported a big improvement spiritually, three souls having lately surrendered to the Lord.



Pacific Province Revivalists.

Owing to the closing down of the mills the finances are not as large by any means as they should be, but the officers and comrades are working hard for the S. D. target.

Our next stop was Mt. Vernon, where Capt. and Mrs. Jackson are fighting the devil in the shape of doctor's attendance and medicine. The meetings held to Hamilton and other places were very well attended, and an increase in the G. T. M. cash in Mt. Vernon. A beautiful illustration of our Social Work is to be found in this place—one of our comrades, a child from the Rescue Home in Vancouver, B.C. Although quite healthy, at all appearances, as the child grew an unfortunate spinal disease was discovered, and now a hundred and fifty dollars or more faces our comrade in the shape of doctor's attendance and medicine. This good brother has gone away from home to work to enable him to raise the money, while the mother has to do extra work besides nursing the little one. They both declare they will not part with the child, unless God calls it to a Better Home, so great is their love for the little one. Almighty God, through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army, procured a good home for one of His homeless waifs.

After a pleasant stay here we visited Bellingham, being met at the station by Bro. Borbett, who escorted us to the quarters. Adjt. Stevens and Lieut. Davidson gave us a hearty welcome, and it was here we remained for a four days' campaign. The meetings were very spiritual, and although only one soul yielded, yet we believe that good results will follow. We visited New Westminister, where the smiling countenance of Adjt. Andrews was seen as the ferry boat pulled in to the dock. He took us home to his cozy quarters, where Mrs. Andrews made us quite comfortable. Our meetings here were very good, and we can say truly "It was good for us to be there." The attendances at the stereoscopic services were fair all along the line, considering the fact that the comrades were collecting for Self-Denial. Those who attended were greatly pleased with the miscellaneous views that were thrown on the sheet, and we trust and pray that we have been a blessing to others on our twelve days' trip, and that the souls may be the result of our visit to each place.—The Saved Piano Player.

Great Success with Self-Denial.

Mt. Vernon, Wash.—We praise God for blessed victory in our Self-Denial effort. It seemed quite a big thing to tackle, but the few soldiers took hold in beautiful unity and spirit, and our ship reached her desired haven almost before we realized it. Hal-lelujah! The interest shown in our Army work in the different places where we held meetings was most encouraging and the results gratifying. Sister McRae collected in Woolley \$25; Bro. H. Bandy, of Clear Lake, \$25, and Sister Cotton \$20. How is that for a consecrated nobly? And the others did nobly, too. We had a beautiful wind-up, all testifying to blessings received while collecting on the Master's business. Two backsliders have returned since last report. May God wonderfully keep them.—Mrs. Capt. Jackson.

"The Grace of God, it is so Sweet."

Spokane.—At the close of Thursday night's service, a young woman who had been traveling the broad road of folly repented, and with tears in her eyes promised with God's help to walk the path of righteousness. We had a splendid meeting on Saturday

night. Our expectations were high for souls, and the dear Saviour gave us our heart's longing in seeing three dear brothers and one sister pleading for forgiveness. We believe Jesus accepted them. Hal-lelujah! Sunday night our hearts were made glad in witnessing a poor backslider returning to Father's home. He had at one time been a useful soldier in our corps, but drink overcame him. He testified that a backslider's experience was a cruel one, and said, with tears running down his cheeks, that the only life worth living was the Christian one. No. 11 corps is marching on. A little bird informs us that they have had splendid meetings during the past week, and that three souls have been brought from darkness into light. Some very important changes are to take effect in a short time. Get the next issue of the War Cry and you will be "in the know."—Old Joe.

East Ontario & Quebec

A Surprise Visit from Staff-Capt. Miller.
Ottawa.—We were very pleased to receive Staff-Capt. Miller on Thursday evening, as he came quite unexpectedly to Ottawa to conclude some special business, which has resulted in operations having begun on our new citadel. The Staff-Captain conducted the spiritual meeting on the same evening, speaking on the "Rewards of the Evil and Righteous." From Isaiah lii. 10, 11. His bright, encouraging salvation talk was much appreciated. He left the same night for Toronto. On the following Sunday Capt. Meads, who has nobly assisted in the Rescue work in this city, farewelled, returning to her home in Toronto. We shall miss her. Two souls have been saved.—Sec. French.

Bright and Encouraging.
Sherbrooke.—We smashed our target of \$110. Ensign Slater collected over \$140 alone. He read the income for the last eight months to the people in the open-air on Sunday afternoon, which amounted to \$384.63. This includes the War Cry income also. He showed how it had been spent. The people gave a collection of \$3.20 (three times the usual amount). The Ensign farewells on June 6th and goes to England. He has worked hard in Sherbrooke for the Master's cause.—Special Correspondent J. M.

Montreal I, on the Move.

We are glad to report something more encouraging this last week. God is pouring His Spirit out. Last Sunday's meetings were among some of the best we have had. In the evening service the convincing power of the Holy Spirit was present. Conviction was all over the audience, and three came out for salvation, one a backslider who has left his wife and family in the Old Country. They did not know where he had gone to. After the meeting he went home and wrote to his wife. Last night (soldiers' meeting) the power of God was with us again, when seven soldiers came out for holiness of heart. May they become so baptised with the Spirit of God that they will be a mighty force in this corps.—Kendall.

Charlottetown.—We had a profitable week-end. We were visited by Major Phillips, our Eastern Chancellor, and Ensign Fleming, of the Trade Department, together with Master Victor Sharp. The Colonel, through the kindness of Capt. Clark, and the Major spoke with much power at each meeting, and Ensign Fleming, a favorite here, drew quite a number of people within the sound of the Gospel message by his talented preaching. A number of comrades have been ill. Mr. Gardner and family are removed to Sydney and Mr. Gibbs goes in a few days to Nova Scotia. Self-Denial is being pressed, though a number of church undertakings and a severe winter have diminished the contributions. Several souls have come forward and some are proving true. God will strengthen them.—H.

Eastern Province.

Moved into Toars.

Amherst.—Major Archibald's visit to Amherst was a great blessing to the corps. The Methodists kindly gave their prayer meeting to us for the Major's address on prison work, and a nice crowd gathered to listen to him. Some of the leading people of the town were there and many were moved to tears by the Major's touching stories. A good impression was made and a collection of over fourteen dollars was given to assist in the work. Quite a number have taken their stand for God lately and the sisters are coming out in full uniform. Praise the Lord!—Ensign Colin Campbell.

Londonderby.—On Monday night we had with us for the special meeting Capt. Clark and Lieut. Elliott, of Truro, with a number of soldiers of that corps. We had a good time, and enjoyed the Captain's Bible reading very much. At the close of the meeting one soul knelt and cried for mercy. Since then two others have sought and found Christ. Things are decidedly on the up-grade here. We give God all the glory and go forward to do greater things in His strength.—Ensign Lily Richards.

Hindoo Costumes to the Front.

North Sydney, C.B.—Monday night a Cape Breton lad sought the Salvation and a soul considerable praying and pleading he arose to his feet claiming forgiveness by faith through the precious blood of Jesus. Saturday night's meeting in the open-air proved very attractive. Twelve of the comrades

dressed in Hindoo costume and marched the streets. They had quite an exciting time from start to finish, and it took so well with the people that the Adjutant has been requested to have it repeated at Sydney Mines just as soon as he possibly can. The souls have been saved during the week.—Trens.

The Greatness of God, it Passeth Understanding.
Houlton, Me.—God is wonderfully blessing the efforts of His people here. Sunday was a day of great victory. Kneeling drill was well attended and God was very near. The Rev. Mr. Green of the Free Baptist Church of this town, and a staunch friend of the S. A. was with us at the night meeting. He spoke of his love for the S. A. and said he had come to see souls saved in the S. A. camp. Thank God he was not disappointed, for two knelt at the cross. We praise God for His goodness. Sign-Capt. McLean and Master Robble were with us on Monday night. Hal-lelujah! He is coming again on the 25th and 26th with the Congress String Band.—A. R.

Newfoundland News

His Lame Leg did not Stop Him.

Black Island, Nfld.—Sunday was a day of victory. Capt. Downey was with us and conducted the holiness meeting, which was a source of blessing. The Captain's text was, "Put off the old man with his deeds." The Spirit of God backed the words at truth home to the hearts of those who listened, and when the invitation was given to come and get the old man removed, four came forward. It was like heaven upon earth. Skipper Primmer, hearing the news, started for the barracks, with his lame foot wrapped up; although he suffered a little he was determined to get there. Indeed it was good to others, the young and old danced for joy; even Skipper Primmer's lame leg did not deter him from dancing also. We closed the meeting singing, "We'll crown Him Lord of all."—Catholic.

Twenty-Six Souls at the Mercy Seat.

Elliston, Nfld.—We have had showers of blessing. God has indeed poured out His Spirit in our midst, and we have had the joy of seeing twenty-six precious souls return to God. We are believing to see some of them take their stand as soldiers in the S. A. Our crowds are increasing; so much so that we have had to make nine new seats for the barracks. Finances are high, and we have much to thank God for.—G. Collins, Lieut.

The North-West.

An Account of a Self-Denial Trip.

Bismarck, N.D.—Although you have not heard from us for quite a while, yet we have not been idle. Self-Denial has come and gone with its camp and crosses, leaving in its wake a number of blessed souls. We indeed had a good time during Self-Denial. God was with us and we scored another victory and came off with flying colors. Lieut. Plester and myself started out on our S.-D. trip and arrived at Washburn. We made all necessary arrangements for the meeting, which had been previously announced. The Methodist Church was kindly loaned us for the occasion. The people were kindness itself. Mr. and Mrs. Neander taking us to their home, where we were treated like princes. We collected in the even next day, getting \$20. Then came Hebron, Glenburn, and New Salem, where at the latter place we had a good meeting. The juniors did noble work, securing their target with ease. God has been with us, souls have been getting saved, and recruits made. We have six new recruits, which, when enrolled, will make our soldiers number twenty-four.—J. C. H.

G. B. M. Special Well Received.

Medicine Hat.—We are glad to report that many good things have taken place since you last heard from us. Ensign Merse has been with us again. He gave us an excellent lecture on "Ben Hur." He raised quite a nice sum, \$24. The people generally responded to our appeal for Self-Denial. We aimed our target and sent it in before the week was up. A German sister was saved and still glorifies God.—Mayflower.

Household Hints.

If you heat your knife slightly you can put it bend as smoothly as gold.

If possible, always give your hair a sun-bath with its soap and water shampoo.

All cold vegetables left over should be saved for future use in soups and salads.

Chimney.—Leaks in chimneys may be stopped by a cement made of coal tar and sand.

Soups are so nutritious and palatable that they should be more generally used.

To prevent mildew in bookcases stand a saucer of chloride of lime inside. It can be out of sight.

A crib with hair mattress and hair pillow is far better for baby than feather bed and pillow.

Coal Fire.—If the coal fire is low throw on a spoonful of salt, and see how quickly it will brighten.

White wax and almond oil melted together and stirred until cold is an excellent salve for chapped lips.

Azmer.—On passed from time ing nearly two good Christian y to do his best. hown training in it was then the rest, but God h passed away. Strathroy Cemeter his brother, Cap Arthur Kappheime

Chatham.—Dun visited our corps of our most faith The first to a Wasson, who, af eternal reward. and never very st stood as a faith bright cheerful n comrades, and not feel that he Master, and that grant joy. Death but his bright assured us of a resignation to th he is before the in the better vo a soldier, and tw

The second to Moore, or Mot called. She had during the last s meeting. Her stu and for several u us long. She is of the Army in a and varied exper God had given h money was alwa day before the p portion of the times. "Thou art they comfort me the last se pr morning of April spirit safely hom six of her siste During the serv we trust some la

The third com Stinton. For ul Salvationist, an earnestness and held several imp time Corps Serg discharging his manifested a pa we believe man paths of righteo dealing. A seri dered him incap battle, but his p an inspiration a attended the bar the meetings, h testimony to th afternoon sing night prayed and of souls. On the and two weeks l Lord. He assur saying, "God's a to the corps, b may endure unt crown is won. funeral service, need of being re vice was well att of the blessing i and the corps, al be true and ne We pray tha bereaved wife an

Wallaceburg.—our little band a after a lingering Rock was with h It was evident th ings were great. When visited b spoke of a loving half-past ten, at two dear little chariot lowered Capt. Rock cond It was over the soldiers of the D ertic where the Shingles was co two years ago l time has lived a the holiness meo years of thankf he would say ho And again, whe would say the S dear wife, who is yet still the tru all things well."

Amherst, N.S.—friend in the dea be remembered th the habit of belu bers. Our brot meetings for son were aware of th in his life. He b but since his co ance worker, A member of the T sudden, but he v sorrowing ones—

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

Aylmer.—On Wednesday, Brother Daniel Kerswell passed from time into eternity, after an illness lasting nearly two months. Brother Kerswell was a good Christian young man, and was always willing to do his best wherever duty called him. He had been training in Toronto when he contracted a cold. It was then thought necessary for him to take a rest, but God had arranged it otherwise and he passed away. Our brother was laid to rest in Stratford Cemetery. We pray that God will comfort his brother, Capt. W. J. Kerswell, and his wife.—Arthur Kappelman.

HOME AT LAST.

Chatham.—During the last few months death has visited our corps and removed from our midst three of our most faithful comrades.

The first to answer the summons was Brother Wasson, who, after a few weeks' illness, went to his eternal reward. Though of a retiring disposition, and never very strong in body, he had for ten years stood as a faithful witness for Jesus, and by his bright cheerful manner had won the affection of his comrades, and he is highly esteemed by all. One could not look upon his radiant countenance and not feel that he enjoyed much of the presence of the Master, and that the service of God was to him a great joy. Death came rather unexpectedly at last, but his bright testimony during his short illness assured us of a firm trust in God and complete resignation to the divine will, and now we believe he is before the throne singing in the choir of the blessed in the better world. He leaves a wife, who is also a soldier, and two children.

The second to be taken from the ranks was Mrs. Moore, or "Mother Moore," as she was familiarly called. She had reached her eighty-sixth year, and during the last seven months had only attended one meeting. Her strength was failing fast, and for several weeks we felt she could not be with us long. She had been a soldier from the early days of the Army in this country, and could relate many varied experiences in the fight, but through all God had given her grace to conquer, and her last words were always full of praises to Him. Just the day before she passed away we heard her repeat a portion of the 23rd Psalm, saying softly several times, "Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Her sufferings were such that at the last she prayed to go, and very early in the morning of April 19th the angels came and bore her spirit safely home. We gave her an Army funeral, six of her sister-comrades acting as pall bearers. During the service many were deeply impressed, and we trust some lasting good was accomplished.

The third comrade called home was Bro. Thomas Stanton. For almost twenty years he has been a Salvationist, and never seemed to lose the spirit of earnestness and zeal in the Master's cause. He had held several important local positions, being at one time Corps Sergeant-Major and again Quartermaster, discharging his duties faithfully and well. He never manifested a particular interest in backsliders, and we believe many a wanderer was led back to the paths of righteousness through his kind and patient dealing. A serious illness of a few years ago rendered him incapable of being at the front of the battle, but his presence in the meetings was always an inspiration and blessing. The last Sunday he attended the barracks he seemed especially to enjoy the meetings. In the morning he gave a beautiful testimony to the blessing of a clean heart, in the night prayed and pleaded earnestly for the salvation of souls. On the following Sunday he was taken ill, and two weeks later passed into the presence of His Lord. He assured us he was quite ready to go, saying, "God's will be done. I shall miss him in the corps, but pray that we, like Brother Stanton, may endure unto the end, bearing the cross, till the crown is won. Brigadier Hargrave conducted the funeral service, and the comrades of the barracks considered the need of being ready for death. The memorial service was well attended. Many of the comrades spoke of the blessing Brother Stanton had been to them, and the corps, and promised by the grace of God to be true and ready to die for the cause of God. We pray that God's richest blessing may be with the bereaved wife and family.—L. Deshrisay, Staff-Capt.

AT REST.

Wallaceburg.—The death angel has again visited our little band and taken from us Brother Shingles, after a lingering illness of over four months. Capt. Rock was with him when the end came. On Sunday it was evident that his course was run. His sufferings were great, yet he said he was happy in Jesus. When visited by comrades or officers he always spoke of a loving Saviour. On Monday morning, at half-past ten, after taking a loving farewell of his two dear little boys and broken-hearted wife, the chariot lowered and he went home to be with Jesus. Capt. Rock conducted the funeral service, and after it was over the officers and a goodly number of the soldiers of the Dresden corps marched to the cemetery, where they laid our comrade to rest. Bro. Shingles was converted at the Army penitentiary form two years ago last Easter Sunday, and since that time has lived a different life. When speaking in the holiness meetings on Sunday mornings, with the tears of thankfulness streaming down his cheeks, he would say how different his Sundays were now. And again, when temptation had been fierce, he would say the Saviour had been so near to him. His dear wife, who is a soldier, feels her loss very keenly, yet still she trusts in God, knowing that "He doeth all things well."—J. S. M. Allen.

GONE TO HIS REWARD.

Amherst, N.S.—The Amherst corps has lost a real friend in the death of Mr. Geo. A. Weeks. He will be remembered by a great number of officers who were in the habit of being called there while visiting Amherst. Our brother was not able to attend Army meetings for some time past. Those who knew him were aware of the great change that had taken place in his life. He had been addicted to strong drink, but since his conversion he has been a great temperance worker. At the time of his death he was a member of the Town Council, and was very sudden, but he was ready. May God comfort the sorrowing ones.—Wm. C. Campbell.

Our History Class.

V.-THE ENGLISH.

Chapter VII.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.—A.D. 1066-1087.

The king who had conquered England was a brave, strong man, who had been used to fighting and struggling ever since he was a young child.

He really feared God, and was in many ways a good man; but it was not right for him to come and take another people's country by force, and having done one wrong thing often makes people grow worse and worse. Many of the English were unwilling to have William as their king, and his Norman friends were angry that he would not let them have more of the English lands, nor break the English laws. So they were often rising up against him; and each time he had to put them down he grew more harsh and stern. He did not want to be cruel; but he did not have any other way, because it was the only way to keep England.

When the people of Northumberland rose against him, and tried to get back the old set of kings, he had the whole country wasted with fire and sword, till hardly a town or village was left standing. He did this to punish the Northumbrians, and frighten the rest. But he did another thing that was worse, because it was only for his own amusement. In Hampshire, near his castle of Winchester, there was a great space of heathy ground, and holly cone and beeches and oaks, above it, with deer and bours running wild in the glades. He called this place of hunting, only that there were so many villages in it that the creatures were disturbed and killed. William liked hunting more than anything else—his people said he loved the high deer as if it was his own. He would go there with his own amusement. He turned out all the inhabitants, and pulled down their houses, and made laws against anyone killing his game. The place he thus cleared is still called the New Forest, though it is a thousand years old.

An old Norman law that the English grumbled about very much was that as soon as the bell rung at eight every evening everyone was to put out candle and fire and go to bed. The bell was called the curfew, and many old churches ring it still.

William caused a great list to be made of all the lands in the country, and how best to use them. This list, it is called the Domesday Book. It shows that a great deal had been taken from the English and given to the Normans. The king built castles, with immensely thick, strong walls, and loop-holes, windows, whence to shoot arrows, and here he placed his Normans to keep the English down. But the Normans were even more unkind than the English, and only his strong hand kept them in order. They rode about in armor, helmets on their heads, a shirt of mail, made of chains of iron linked together, over their bodies, gloves and boots of iron, swords by their sides, and lances in their hands, and thus they could bear down all before them. They called themselves knights, and were always made to take an oath to befriend the weak, and poor, and helpless; but they did not often keep it toward the poor English.

William had four sons—Robert, who was called Count-hose or Short-legs; William, called Rufus, because he had red hair; Henry, called Beau-clerc, or the fine scholar; and Richard, who was still a lad when he was killed by a stag in the New Forest.

Robert, the eldest, was a wild, rude, thoughtless youth; but he fancied himself fit to rule Normandy, and asked his father to give it up to him. King William answered, "I never take my clothes off before I go to bed," meaning that Robert must wait for his death. Robert could not bear to be laughed at, and was very angry. Soon after, when he was in the castle-court, his two brothers, William and Henry, grew riotous, and poured water down from the upper windows on him and his friends. He flew into a passion, dashed upstairs with his sword in his hand, and might have killed his brothers if their father had not come in to protect them. Then he threw himself on his horse and galloped away, persuaded some friends to join him, and actually fought a battle with his own father, in which the old king was thrown off his horse, and hurt in the hand. Then Robert wandered about, living on money that his mother, Queen Matilda, sent him, though his father was angry with her for doing so, and this made the first quarrel the husband and wife ever had.

Not long after, William went to war with the King of France. He had caused a city to be burned down, and was riding through the ruins, when his horse trod on some hot ashes, and began to plunge. The king was thrown forward on the saddle, and, being a very heavy, stout man, was much hurt, that, after a few weeks, in the year 1087, he died in a little monastery, a short way from Rouen, the chief city of his dukedom of Normandy.

He was the greatest man of his time, and he had much good in him; and when he lay on his death-bed he grieved much for all the evil he had brought upon the English; but that could not undo it. He had been a great church-builer, and so were his Norman bishops and barons. You may always know their work, because it has round pillars, and round arches, with broad borders of zigzags, and all manner of patterns round them.

In the end, the coming of the Normans did the English much good, by brightening them up and making them less dull and heavy; but they did not like having a king and court who liked French, and who cared more for Normandy than for England.

To Whiten Lace.—To whiten thread lace that has become over-yellow, stand it in soapuds exposed to the rays of the sun.

Cleaning Trays.—Shake a little flour on them, then take a clean, soft duster and rub lightly; you will then find it will remove all spots.

Lamp-wick soaked in vinegar some twenty-four hours before being used, will give a clearer flame and a less dirty light than wick not treated.

When you wash hair-brushes put a little ammonia in the water. The brush must be well rubbed on a rough towel, and then placed upright in the sun until dry.

Sermonettes.

THE MODEL EASY CHAIR.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. viii. 28.

I do not mean an easy chair all soft and nice, with pillows and feathers, but that blessed promise quoted above, found in God's Word, and one on which we can rest in times of trial.

Here is an illustration: A man once telling of his life said: "Before my conversion I was like a dog without house or friends. Now I am as happy as a prince." He didn't mean he had no troubles or trials, for he had, of course. But he was truly happy, despite his poverty, small earnings, and a wife who used to ridicule his religion. To keep the torch of gladness ablaze amid such persecution meant he required no small amount of daily grace. While telling of these tempestuous times, he would say, "I have one easy chair at home, the very best I can find—I want no other. I often throw myself in it—'All things work together for good to them that love God.' Pleasing to relate, after a time this man's wife found her peace with God through her husband's holy life.

Reader, have you this "easy chair" to sink into when troubled or in distress? If not, seek it now. Do not follow the example of those who incline only to God when in agony or fear, but seek Him while you are healthy and strong.

Your search, when rewarded with the blessed peace that salvation brings to the distressed spirit, you will never regret, and though trials and temptations beset you on every side you will rest content in the veritable "easy chair" of righteousness, and in prayer and communion you can at all times and in any place find comfort and relief, with the presence in your soul of God's Holy Spirit.—M. Wisson, Simcoe.

FAITHFULNESS.

We have often heard the old saying, "Faithfulness brings its own reward," and it is very true in every sphere of life. When the people of the world want to accomplish anything, they put forth every effort to reach their goal of ambition; that is, they are faithful to their work, and so they gain for themselves a great many things—viz. honor, riches, etc.

If the engine-driver on the train, or on a boat, does not watch his work, and is not faithful at his post of duty, there is, perchance, disaster, all through the lack of faithfulness. There are many other incidents we could recite, but the two mentioned will bring out the point we wish to emphasize.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," are the words we read in the Book. It may be hard for some to start on the road that leads to heaven, and there are many things to face that are not pleasing to the flesh, and we feel discouraged, but when we think of the faithfulness of our loving Saviour, how He even suffered death on the cross for us the thought impels us to go forward, thus being faithful to our vows, relying upon His promise that He will never leave us. And then there are others who, after receiving salvation, find the pathway steep, and fall, not mindful of the sorrow they cause their Saviour and their example to others. Like the engine-driver, they have been unfaithful to their duty, and disaster befel them. Therefore let all who have started to serve the Lord be faithful. "Even unto death."—J. L. J. S. M.

Monotony is—first, sleep; then, death.—E. Butler.

Neither despair nor hurry, but set to work with the steady purpose of one who knows that God is on his side; and that though He bids us "work while it is called to-day," yet the great Husbandman is patient.—Octavia Hill.

Delivered to Satan.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LOCAL OFFICER.

What is the matter with the Sergeant-Major, he seems so strange lately?

The officers were perplexed, the soldiers wondered.

Surely he could not be backsliding—it did not seem likely after testifying so brightly for years.

When he resigned and left the corps it came as a thunderbolt to everyone.

Condemn him? Why, certainly. Sit on him? Of course. The majority hastened to do so, and sentenced him to eternal punishment right away.

What was the matter? Outwardly it seemed an ordinary case of one loving the ways of sin better than the path of righteousness, and simply throwing the cross down when it became irksome. Undoubtedly it does become more than we can bear when the Divine Presence is withdrawn from us; but how did it really come about that a separation occurred between the soul of the Sergeant-Major and the spirit of his God? Divine light, illumine us, and lift for a moment the veil of the invisible world; permit us across the threshold of the heavens and pierce the gloom of the murky hells that we may follow the path of the soul from the radiance of the throne to the dungeons of eternal blackness and despair, and may see how the divine love forgives all and restores the soul that is penitent to light, and life, and glorious liberty. We will divide our story into parts, and entitle the first

The March of the Army.

Through arid deserts, over hills, across fertile plains the army had marched on, conquering hosts of foes, but triumphant always. Before and above them were cherubim and seraphim; behind them the devils. To the strains of martial music, and with banners floating in the breeze, they were marching round the world, and as they went their numbers increased. Their venerable and white-haired chief reviewed them as they defiled into a long valley, and as each corps went by he gave them their brief directions. "The army will march straight on," were the orders, and even though the path they followed was the very Valley of the Shadow the army were obedient. Allurements were all round—on the fertile plain were groves and orchards and cool streams, green fields and pleasant lanes, there were feasting and merriment among the inhabitants, they builded and planted and married, and seemed quite content with what the plain afforded them.

Before the army was a barren country into which the valley opened out—foes lurked in the defile and among the hills, and in the land beyond the Army of Destruction were mustering for a fierce conflict.

Joyously the army went forward. Some wavered and turned back to the land of plenty, but never minding these the rest followed their banners closely, and prepared to battle for God and right.

The Sergeant-Major was pressing on, too, and with the shield of faith protecting others from the fiery darts which the wicked hurled at them. The corps had reached a sheltered spot in the valley and were resting in the noonday heat when a stranger, in the garb of a priest, appeared, and addressing the Sergeant-Major, the following dialogue took place:

Stranger: "I perceive you are religious people. Excellent, most excellent. Religion should always occupy the first place in our life. What is our perishing body, compared with the immortal soul? Come, let us have a controversy on matters which concern us so deeply."

Sergt-Major: "I perceive, on my part, that you are a learned and pious man, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to hold a discourse with you on spiritual matters."

Stranger: "Yes, yes. Let us draw apart from the crowd, however. If you will come with me I will lead you to a spot where we

shall be able to talk without interruption from your rather noisy comrades; we cannot contemplate the solemn and awful mysteries of religion in the midst of a crowd, even though they be the best of people. This is a monastery we have arrived at now, and the holy brethren are at vespers. Enter."

Sergt-Major: "I feel rather awed at all this solemnity. What long faces these monks pull. Can such a life lead to heaven?"

Stranger: "Oh, sin—to doubt. Have they not followed the commands of their Master, and given up all for His sake? Friends, wife, home, wealth, and pleasure—they have forsaken all, and their reward will be a hundred-fold in the life to come."

Sergt-Major: "That seems true enough. A nice, quiet place this. I really believe that such a life is nearer holiness than a busy career spent in the world among all sorts of creeds and opinions."

Stranger: "Yes, my son; here you may give yourself to prayer and continual meditation and fasting, and so please God, and if you wish to stay I will give directions to the brethren to further instruct you in the rites and ceremonies of Holy Mother Church, so that you will see the beauty of our religion, and let me quote to you the words of the sainted Thomas a' Kempis, 'What matter how much or what I suffer, so that I attain at last to the haven of salvation.' Now may all your energies be directed towards that object. For the present, farewell."

Thus adjured, the Sergeant-Major sat down to meditate. The sound of the bands playing in the distance told him that the army had resumed its march, but he took no notice and continued his meditations.

Presently a knock came at the door, and a voice said, "Sergeant-Major, orders have come to march; make haste and come."

In a sepulchral voice, and with a long countenance, the erstwhile cheerful man replied, "Disturb me not, rude worldling; I would be alone to meditate on holy things."

"Yes, that's all right in its time, but just now you're wanted bad, the enemy are active and numerous, and a whole bookful of meditations won't be any good against them. Are you coming?"

"Get thee hence; I will give myself unto prayer for your good success."

"I wish you would come and do something. You can pray the roof off another time, but now it's a case of action."

"Again I say begone, I must repeat a hundred prayers before nightfall."

"Well, I can't wait any longer, the march has begun and I'm off."

Thus left alone the Sergeant-Major began to repeat the prayers, and had got to the fifteenth when a bright light illumined the room, and a cherubim appeared.

"The enemy are upon thee, Sergeant-Major," said the cherub, and looking round the Sergeant-Major saw three foes creeping upon him, whom he recognized as Selfishness, Pride, and Lust. Springing up he dashed the first to the ground, and the other two fled.

"Well," he said, as he trampled Selfishness under foot, "I'll go and join the army march now, and take my place in the battle again."

As he left the monastery the stranger met him, but the Sergeant-Major recognized him now as a deadly foe—cruelty and greed were written on his countenance, and he appeared as a skinny and hideous old man.

"Art thou not satisfied?" he demanded. "Can a man be satisfied if he eats ashes for bread?" replied the Sergeant-Major, and dealing the stranger a mighty whack he went on to join the colors.

Part II.—The Heights of Knowledge.

The battle was over and the army had triumphed once again. The heaps of slain testified to the severeness of the conflict. But more remained to be done, and with a firm determination the corps pressed on in pursuit of the flying enemy. Across a barren and rocky country lay the path towards the strongly-fortified lines of Drink and Gambling, and the order was the same as before: "The army will march straight on."

A little oasis was reached one day, and the weary soldiers refreshed themselves at the

well, and lay down under the shade of the palm trees for a while.

Seated upon a stone at the well's mouth was an aged man. He read out of a ponderous volume, and many gathered round to listen to the words of wisdom that fell from his lips. They went away satisfied with what they had learned, and pondering deeply upon the words of the wise man.

The Sergeant-Major had arrived at the well. He listened to the reading of the book and sat down to hear more and to drink in the words of the sage.

The corps moved on, unnoticed by the Sergeant-Major; he still remained at the feet of the reader. When he looked around the army had passed on; they were a speck on the horizon now, he was alone with the sage. He arose to go onward and overtake the army, but the sage restrained him.

"Dost thou seek knowledge, my son? Stay, and I will show thee the path thither."

"O wise man, my thirst for knowledge is not slaked but increased a hundredfold since I heard the words of your wondrous book. Is the path to knowledge very steep—can mortals attain the summit and not die?"

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear. The path, my son, is difficult, and he that would travel to the end must be wise. Knowledge without wisdom is but foolishness, but it is written, 'The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright,' and wisdom crieth aloud to the sons of men. 'O ye simple, understand wisdom, and ye fools be of an understanding heart.' My words are plain to him that understandeth and right to them that find knowledge; therefore, my son, seek not knowledge without the guidance of eternal wisdom, which is Truth, which is the Son of God."

"In all things I will seek His help," replied the Sergeant-Major, but no sooner had he spoken than a dense darkness settled down over the oasis and hid the sage from view. He heard the voice of the wise man calling to him from the gloom, and vainly tried to follow in the direction of the sound. Baffled and perplexed he fell on his knees and began to sing earnestly—

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on."

The darkness lifted and a soft light irradiated the atmosphere and a choir of angels took up the strain of the song and wafted it heavenwards.

By the subdued light two paths were visible—they were at right angles to each other. At the parting of the ways stood an angel—bright, beautiful, and glorious.

"The army has gone straight on, which way do you choose?" the silvery, bell-like tones rang out clear and sharp, and the Sergeant-Major was about to reply, "I follow the army," when a bright ray of light for a moment seemed to illumine the opposite path, and in the distance he could see the bent form of the sage toiling along towards the end of the way. The path led straight towards some mountains of dazzling transparency and stupendous height. Their tops seemed to be lost in the heavens. The Sergeant-Major hesitated for a moment, and then sprang forward to follow the sage.

He ran for a long while until the path became very rocky and he had to slacken his pace and scramble over rocks as best he could. After a while he reached the foot of the mountains, and could see the sage toiling up towards the summit, nearly lost to view.

"I will scale this stupendous height," he said, "and see into the country beyond. No doubt it gives a view into heaven itself." The sides were steep and slippery, and so engrossed was the Sergeant-Major with the task of getting upward that he forgot all about the words of the sage concerning wisdom, and so it happened that in the attempt to scale the height in his own unaided exertions, he fell from an overhanging rock, and all but broke his body to pieces.

As he lay groaning on the ground at the foot of the heights he seemed to see clouds at the summit disperse, and a

figure appeared in his hand.

"Your spirit is of Eternal Justice and in a moment the top of the cherubim."

In the outer court brightness he awaited Just Judge, and it



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An Industrial at 633 Michigan Staff-Capt. David Lake City, in cha

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figure appeared with a gleaming sword in his hand.

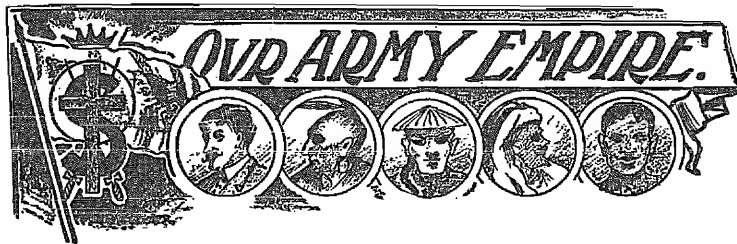
"Your spirit is summoned to the courts of Eternal Justice," proclaimed the voice, and in a moment he seemed to be carried to the top of the mountain, guarded by the cherubim.

In the outer court of a palace of dazzling brightness he awaited the sentence of the Just Judge, and it came as follows:

"Deliver this presumptuous soul unto Satan for a season, till the time come when repentance shall begin anew, and he shall cry to the Eternal for pardon."

The word had gone forth, he was hurled down the mountain side with terrific force, but in mid-air was caught and held fast by chains of brass, and darkness fell over his mind as he was hurried by his devilish captors towards the reeking swamps of sin.

(To be continued.)



UNITED STATES.

A magnificent new Provincial Headquarters and Industrial Home has been opened by the Salvation Army in Minneapolis. The building is one of the most comprehensive and complete of the Salvation Army's institutions in the United States.

An Industrial Home has been established at 633 Michigan Ave., Detroit, Mich., with Staff-Capt. David Miller, recently of Salt Lake City, in charge.

A Shelter and Lunch Room has recently been opened at Marquette, Mich.

A good corps has recently been opened at Alpena, Mich. Five have already sought salvation and two holiness. A pleasing feature was that the M. E. minister took up special collections for the opening expenses.

Brigadier Ludgate was recently seized with a violent hemorrhage of the stomach. A great deal of blood was lost. By the injection of a strong solution into the stomach the bleeding was at last stopped.

Seven Candidates are going into training next session from New York X.

Portland is raising a splendid S. A. Brass Band.

Major Connet, writing from Los Angeles II. corps, says: "What a mixture of nationalities professed conversion at this corps last Sunday! Three Japanese and one Chinaman knelt at the drumhead in Chinatown. Three Mexicans sought mercy at the drum in the Plaza open-air meeting. One Greek, two negroes, and three Americans came to the penitent form in the indoor meeting."

The "Congress" seems to be the prevailing topic across the border, and our cousins evidently will be well represented in London. At the Carnegie Music Hall, on June 13th, will appear the Commander, the National Staff Band, Yankee Choir, Colored Songsters, Kentucky Mountaineers, and Rescue and Slum Brigade.

AUSTRALASIA.

The first of the Annual States Congresses in Australia was held at Adelaide, and Commissioner McKie, in referring to it, says: "From every standpoint it was much ahead of last year." Five hundred children took part in the special Juniors' Demonstration, and two days were devoted to officers' meetings. On Sunday and Monday public meetings were held in the Town Hall, which was crowded, and seventy souls knelt at the cross.

The Premier of South Australia took part in the opening of the new J. S. Hall, and spoke very highly of the Army and its work.

On the arrival of the Congress party at Adelaide, they were cordially welcomed to the city by the Chief Justice and the Mayor.

Thus the Wairarapa Leader, on the children's work at Wellington, New Zealand: "The Salvation Army is carrying on a loving work amongst the orphans and neglected children of Wellington—a work which deserves every recognition and hearty assistance. Little ones are lifted out of misery and danger, and cared for by the Army in their Home. The railway authorities have consented to carry any gifts of provisions, vegetables, or fruit for the Home for Children free for the next fortnight."

INDIA.

The Indian Native Party to the International Congress, in point of numbers, will be very strong, and, judging from the particulars to hand, exceptionally interesting. There will be boys and girls from the Industrial



Mrs. Brigadier Maidment.

Schools, who were preserved from famine and death by the Salvation Army, converts from heathenism, and a Buddhist Priest who has exchanged priesthood for officership, and Nirvana for "a hope blooming in immortality."

Perhaps the most interesting personality from India will be Cadet Mehtab Masih, a convert from Mohammedanism. He is a capital singer of Punjabi tunes, and a wonderful performer on most of the native instruments. He will be a great favorite with the children.

ITALY.

Commissioner Cosandey has recently gone through his Territory presiding over meetings everywhere, and now reports that a glorious work is being done in that sunny country. A corps has been opened lately in Genoa, and



Brigadier Maidment, commanding the S. A. Forces in South America.

is reported as being in a splendid condition of success. Moreover, the Army has sent a pioneer officer in the Calabres, the worst part of the whole country. A report from this comrade was that immediate action was taken to open a corps there.

Self-Denial Week took place early in May. The results far exceeded the expectations of the Territorial Headquarters, and were a surprise to all.

Major Clark, of the International Headquarters, visited Turin for the regular auditing of the books.

Sergt.-Major Moillet, a well-known evangelist, has been visiting all the corps with his magic lantern.

SWITZERLAND.

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Heilberg recently spent a few days with her husband at the seaside, where the Commissioner has gone to recuperate his much-shaken health.

Commissioner Booth-Heilberg, although a little better, has not been able to resume his work. His physicians have forbidden him to return to Switzerland before June.

Major de Watteville, well-known in Salvation Army circles as a writer of talent, has been compelled to retire from active work for a few months.

Commissioner Nicol was at Neuchâtel on Ascension Day presiding at a gathering of the forces of the French-speaking part of the country.

A new session of the Training Schools will open after the International Congress.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Brigadier Maidment, in charge of our work here, has made an extensive trip in the territory under his command. This was necessitated by the unsettled state of affairs in Uruguay, where the Army expects to open work before long.

Adj. Jayet has been in Monte Video in consultation with some friends to discuss the advisability to open the work in the city.

Brigadier Maidment, after consultation with the English, German, and Spanish Consuls, has decided to open a Shelter for sailors at Bahia Bienea.

Several gentlemen of the place, and others from Buenos Ayres, have promised financial help, and the Brigadier hopes to begin the building operations in a month or two.

Ensign Irish, who is doing military service, is not losing time and opportunity, and although circumstances do not allow him to do open work, his influence is much felt in the regiment.

We are Looking for you

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; left and, as far as possible, avoid wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Canadian Red Cross Society, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of one dollar is made, with amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Committee if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.



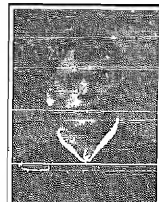
4470. DUNLOP, DAVID. Age 60 years, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 135 lbs., sandy hair now turning grey, blue eyes, carpenter. Four years ago he was at Collands, Ont. Had been in the Spanish-American war. May be in North-Western States.

4480. STERLING, PERCY L. Age 19 years, height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 130 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, cut on left forearm, little finger crippled, cowboy. Two years ago he was at Kneehill Creek, Calgary, N.W.T.

4482. McRAE, HARRY and WIFE (Eliza). Last heard of in June, 1903, and were at one time soldiers of the Rossland corps.

Second Insertion.

4444. FLETCHER, FRANK. Age 52, rather stout, light brown hair. Last heard of fifteen years ago, at Clarendon Centre, near Ottawa. He usually worked in a shanty.



4452. COOK, WILLIAM (alias Brown). Age 33, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 165 lbs., brown hair, grey eyes, miner. Formerly of of Glace Bay, C.B.

4466. FLAHERTY, D'ARCY. Age 26, height 5 ft., dark straight hair, dark eyes, very erect, heavy build, clean shaven, right wrist slightly twisted, left-handed. Left Port Rowan, Ont., March 7th, 1899. Last heard of in September, 1901. Was then a Private in C Company in Halifax, American and English papers please copy.



4476. McALPCHIN, ARCHIBALD. Age 38, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes. Son of Alexander McAlpchin. Has been a Salvationist. Last heard of in Hastings Co., Ont.

Our Medical Column.

Inflammation of the Brain.—(Continued.)

Treatment.—The head should be closely shaved and wounded ice applied to the scalp, enclosed in a bladder or an India-rubber bag. Care should be taken that the cold be distributed evenly over the entire head, and not limited to a single spot. If ice cannot be procured, cloths should be wet in cold water and applied to the head. In this case care should be taken to change these cloths every five minutes, since otherwise they become warm and useless.

There should be used some means for causing the blood to circulate in the feet and limbs rather than in the head. For this purpose light mustard plasters may be applied to the soles of the feet and to the calves of the legs. Good results have indeed been obtained from immersion of the patient in a warm bath during the first two or three days of the disease.

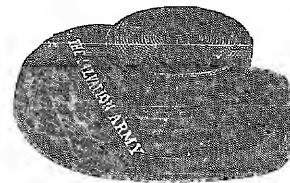
Care should be taken to keep the room dark, and to avoid all unnecessary annoyance in the way of noise or bustle. The diet should be bland, and consist entirely of liquids.

After the appearance of those signs which indicate that exudation has taken place—that is, after the patient becomes quiet and ceases to complain—the iodide of potassium may be given in doses of five grains two or three times a day in water. The scalp may be also painted with tincture of iodine. During this stage it becomes necessary to supply all the wants of the patient without waiting for him to express them.

Chronic Meningitis.

This affection is somewhat rare, and will seldom be recognized except by an experienced physician, since the symptoms are not characteristic of this affection, but may be caused also by other diseases. There is pain in the head, persistent vomiting, perhaps a little fever. A degree of mental dulness, sometimes amounting to stupidity, is also observed. In some cases paralysis occurs in various parts of the face and body.

JUST RECEIVED FROM ENGLAND.



We have now received Twenty Cases of Goods out of the Customs, and are now busy unpacking them. Among other things in this order are

FIVE HUNDRED SUMMER HATS,

in BLACK and FAWN, NEATLY TRIMMED in NAVY or FAWN. These will go like hot cakes, as they have in England and the States. In Three Sizes, **\$1.75** and same price for either color, only

FAWN GOODS at 27c. per yard.

Ten Yards required for Suit. Particulars of Style sent with Goods.

We have also received a very large consignment of

MOTTOES OF ALL KINDS.

Probably the largest shipment in our history. SPECIAL TERMS to AGENTS. These are Quick Selling Goods, and we offer a Liberal Discount on orders according to value. Write for Particulars.

RUGS.

We have a few of the Congress Rugs left, from \$4.00 up. These have sold well. Order at once. We can suit you at any price.

WATERPROOFS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

We have a fine line of these goods, MADE ESPECIALLY TO OUR ORDER, and very suitable for our needs. They are Military Style and Regulation Color, made up in plain, common-sense style. We expect to do a good business in these goods.

MEN'S WATERPROOFS.—Blue Melton with Plaid Lining. Collar same as goods, and the best value for the money we know of. Think of it, only **\$6.00**

and Coupons given to Officers. This Coat is not Hard, but is Soft and Pliable, and Good Weight. Not only Suitable for Wet Weather, but a splendid article for Spring and Fall Wear. Leading members of Headquarters Staff are purchasing them, which speaks for itself. Order early, as it will take a little time to duplicate our order. One of these and a Rug are all you need for a Steamer Outfit to those who are going to the Congress.

WOMEN'S WATERPROOFS.—A Splendid Light Garment. NAVY BLUE SILK GOODS, RUBBER LINED. New Style of Collar, or perhaps more properly, no collar, so that it does not interfere with the hair or bonnet, and in cool weather allows for the wearing of storm collar. These goods should find a ready sale with Women-Officers and Soldiers. They cannot be excelled at **\$8.00**

We want our Officers and Soldiers to compel us to become their Agents for the kind of goods they need. Your custom will do this, and make us sell to you at the lowest possible rates. Besides that we shall have a UNIFORM STYLE, and articles more suitable to our requirements. You cannot always get things in proper style with Military Uniform and Regulation Colors in outside stores.

WHY NOT MAKE YOUR OWN TRADE DEPARTMENT SUPPLY YOU WITH THE PROPER ARTICLE?

We will do this as soon as you compel it. We are bound to respect your orders, and in the distance we see the approach of a Trade Department, which is really a DEPARTMENTAL STORE, capable of meeting the clothing needs of our people throughout the country at Reasonable Prices, in the Best Goods, done up in Regulation Style. Nothing is more repugnant to good taste than a half-and-half, neither one-thing-nor-the-other kind of make-up we occasionally see worn by our people. This we trust will soon be altogether inexcusable, and the sooner our Officers and Soldiers take us into their confidence for the supplying of their needs, and demanding a Regulation Pattern and Color for their Goods, and having none other than OUR OWN the better will it prove for their convenience, as well as for the War's Exchequer. Insist on having OUR OWN, and that only.

DID YOU GET THAT BIOCYCLE YET?

If not, write to

TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

I HAVE NOT MUCH.

Tunes.—I Have Not Much to Give (B.J. 88); Evan (N.B.B. 81).

And is it so? A gift from me
Dost Thou, dear Lord, request?
Then speak Thy will, whatever it be,
Obeying, I am blest.

Chorus.

I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
For that great love which made Thee mine;
I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
But all I have is Thine.

And dost Thou ask a gift from me—
The talents I possess?
Such as I have I give to Thee,
That others I may bless.

And dost Thou ask a gift from me—
The gift of passing time?
My hours I'll give, not grudgingly,
I feel by right they're Thine.

And dost Thou ask a gift from me—
A loving, faithful heart?
'Tis Thine, for Thou at Calvary
For me with all didst part.

HARK, SINNER!

Tunes.—What's the News? (N.B.B. 126); Behold the Lamb (N.B.B. 122).

Hark, sinner! Jesus calls for thee,
Come to-night!
He offers peace and liberty,
Come to-night!
He waits to pardon all thy sin,
To cleanse and make thee pure within;
For freedom now apply to Him,
Come to-night!

Oh, do not spurn His offered grace,
Come to-night!
There's welcome and a fond embrace,
Come to-night!
Remember how thy Lord was slain,
Think of His agony and pain,
That He thy pardon might obtain;
Come to-night!

Long hath thy Saviour called in vain,
Come to-night!
Why wilt thou still in sin remain?
Come to-night!
In glory angels will rejoice,
When thou hast made the Lord thy
choice;
Oh, heed at once His loving voice;
Come to-night!

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SALVATION.

Tune.—Mamie.

There's nothing like salvation to
make you feel all right,
There's nothing like salvation to make
your life so bright,
There's nothing like salvation to make
your heart so white,
Then come to the Saviour now,
Would you be made happy, and your
life so gay?
We will point you gladly to the nar-
row way;
You will ne'er be sorry if 'tis done to-
day,
Then come to the Saviour now.

Chorus.

Oh, glory, glory, glory, glory!
Salvation makes me happy and it
makes me free;
My sins are all forgiven, I'm on my
way to heaven,
There's nothing like salvation, and it
just suits me.

The devil he will surely feel it pretty
bad,
If you left his family it would make
him mad,
But if you serve God truly He will
make you glad,
Then come to the Saviour now,
Christ has bought your pardon with
His precious blood,
Let not your heart get hardened, He
can do you good,
And be your loving Guardian most cer-
tainly He would,
Then come to the Saviour now.

Come join this Army, quite the thing to
do,
And wear a crimson guernsey, it would
just suit you,
You may be thought gone crazy, so
was your Saviour too,
Then come to the Saviour now,
Bo out-and-out for Jesus, for soon the
time will come
When He is going to call us to stand
before His throne;
It need not make you nervous, if all
your sins are gone,
Then come to the Saviour now.

When we reach that city with its streets of gold,
We'll surely say, "How pretty! Not half as e'er
been told."
Oh, won't it be a pity if you're left in the cold?
Then come to the Saviour now,
There is room in heaven for every one of you,
Get your sins forgiven and come and join our crew,
We will give you welcome, and the Lord will, too,
Then come to the Saviour now.

F. Ashton, Peterboro.

WHY I'M A SALVATION SOLDIER.

Tune.—When Kate and I Were Coming Through the Rye.

Many years I wandered far away from Jesus,
In the paths of sin my feet were led astray,
Till one day I heard the voice of conscience calling,
"Turn to God, and come and walk the narrow
way."
My spirit was so proud I would not yield,
Ashamed I was of what the people said,
Until one night, while in an Army meeting,
God's Spirit conquered; I to God was led.

Chorus.

The soldiers sang, "There's room down at the cross,
Come to Him now, and He'll forgive the past."
How I trembled when I heard them sing those songs
of love,
And tell how Christ so loved the world He left His
home above.

And when I plunged into the precious fountain,
My sins were washed away in Jesus' blood,
Although they seemed to me as high as mountains,
Christ cleansed me through and through and made
me good.

And now He keeps me daily in His service,
No longer then for sin my heart doth crave,
The grace of God has changed my life completely,
And now, praise God, I sing His power to save.

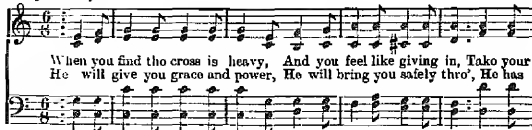
And now, my sinner-friend, for you He's calling,
Come to-day, your sins He'll freely cast away.

Trust the Lord.

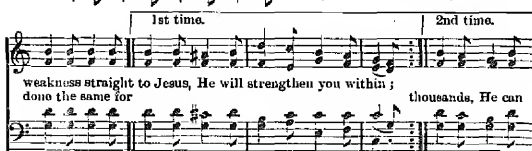
Words by F. Trevillian.

Music by F. W. Fry.

Allegretto, mf.



When you find the cross is heavy, And you feel like giving in, Take your
He will give you grace and power, He will bring you safely thro', He has



weakness straight to Jesus, He will strengthen you within;
done the same for thousands, He can



do the same for you. Trust the Lord, trust the Lord; Watch and



Trust the Lord, trust the Lord;



Watch and pray and read His Word;

path will shine so clear, As you daily walk with Jesus, with His presence ever near.
Though your foes may scoff and jest as you tread the narrow way,
Do their best to misinterpret all the kindly words you say,
As you daily strive to lead them from the paths of sin and shame,
Pointing them to Calvary's Victim, to the Lamb for sinners slain.
So you'll find that trusting Jesus makes your pathway, oh, so bright,
Drives away all doubtful feelings, turns the darkness into light;
Makes you bubble o'er with glory, so that others catch the fire,
Ever glad to do His bidding, of His service ne'er to tire.

If the drunkard and backslider come to Jesus,
He'll hear you when you call to Him and pray,
Your life down here is useless, and you know it,
No peace or pleasure in this world you find;
Come to Christ for peace, He only can bestow it,
Salvation is the gift of God to man.
J. A. Henderson, Spokane, Wash.

WORK FOR THEE.

Tune.—Ashamed of Jesus, Can it be?
Jesus, and may I work for Thee,
A mortal one, from sin set free?
A mortal one, with shortning days,
Permitted thus to work and praise.

Chorus.

I'll work for Thee, I'll work for Thee,
Yes, dearest Lord, I'll work for Thee.
To work for Thee, the Morning Star
That saw me straying from afar,
Shed o'er my soul the light divine,
And comforted this heart of mine.

To work for Thee, my dearest Friend,
On whom now all my hopes depend:
Who washed away my earthly shame,
And gave to me my new, best name.

I'll work for Thee, Thou blessed One,
Eternal God, eternal Son;
And boast, but never boast in vain,
I'll work for Him who once was slain.

M. J. Campbell, Kingston.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

Tune.—Nancy Lee.

Of all the sturdy craft that I do know,
As o'er the sea of life I go,
The Gospel ship's the very best I know,
When fierce the storms may blow,
For many a year both far and near
she's faced the gale,
To stem the swelling foam she's ne'er
been known to fall,
And still she rides the ocean wide with
steady sail,
A gallant ship is she.

Chorus.

Then get aboard the Gospel ship, lads;
The Captain's at the helm, you know;
He'll steer her safe, though rough the
tempests blow,
And bring her to the Beulah land.

The Captain of this ship, Christ is His
name—
A Mariner of noble fame,
In storm or calm He always is the
same,
A Skipper true is He,
And those who in the Gospel ship a
passage take,
He'll guide o'er that they the way
may not mistake,
And land beyond the tide, safe at the
pearly gate.
Get aboard, now's your time, not
aboard!

This boat will sail to-day. Oh, will
you come?
Secure your berth while yet there's
room;
You've long postponed, your time will
soon be gone,
You had better get aboard,
Another chance you may not have to
get to heav'n,
Aval yourself of God's free grace while
now 'tis given,
No longer by the cruel tyrant's power
be driven,
Come aboard, come aboard, come
aboard!

Sergt.-Major Werner,
Penrith, N.S.W.

Coming Events.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Bloss.—Tarry Sound, June 11,
12, 13; Huntsville, June 14; Brace-
bridge, June 15; Gravenhurst, June
16; Midland, June 17, 18, 19;
Orillia, June 20, 21; Lindsay, June
22; Kilmount, June 23; Haliburton,
June 24; Fenelon Falls, June 25,
26; Oranmore, June 27; Bowman-
ville, June 28, 29; Oshawa, July 1,
2, 3; Brooklin, July 5; Uxbridge,
July 6; Dundas, July 8; Hamilton
L. 9, 10; Hamilton H., July 11;
Niagara Falls, July 12; St. Cath-
arines, July 13; Aurora, July 14;
Newmarket, July 15; Barrie, July
16, 17; Collingwood, July 18; Mea-
ford, July 19.